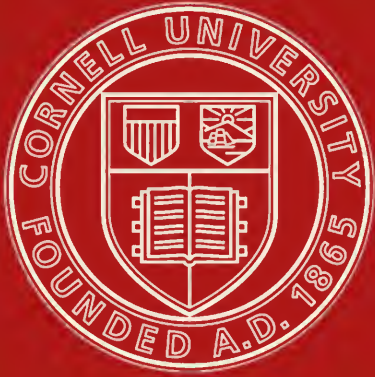


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WORDSWORTH'S
POETICAL WORKS.

VOL. III.

LONDON :
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

In Five Volumes.

VOL. III.

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MEMORIALS
OF
A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,
1803.

I.

DEPARTURE

FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

AUGUST 1803.

THE gentlest Shade that walked Elysian Plains
 Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains ;
 Even for the Tenants of the Zone that lies
 Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,
 Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to overleap
 At will the crystal battlements, and peep
 Into some other region, though less fair,
 To see how things are made and managed there :
 Change for the worse might please, incursion bold
 Into the tracts of darkness and of cold ;
 O'er Limbo lake with aëry flight to steer,
 And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.
 Such animation often do I find,
 Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind,

Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,
Perchance without one look behind me cast,
Some barrier with which Nature, from the birth
Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth.
O pleasant transit, Grasmere ! to resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine ;
Not like an outcast with himself at strife ;
The slave of business, time, or care for life,
But moved by choice ; or, if constrained in part,
Yet still with Nature's freedom at the heart ;
To cull contentment upon wildest shores,
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors ;
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
And having rights in all that we behold.
— Then why these lingering steps ? A bright adieu,
For a brief absence, proves that love is true ;
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn,
That winds into itself, for sweet return.

II.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER.

“ The Poet’s grave is in a corner of the church-yard. We
 “ looked at it with melancholy and painful reflections, re-
 “ peating to each other his own verses —

“ Is there a man whose judgment clear, &c.”

Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-traveller.

MID crowded Obelisks and Urns
 I sought the untimely grave of Burns ;
 Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns
 With sorrow true ;
 And more would grieve, but that it turns
 Trembling to you !

Through Twilight shades of good and ill
 Ye now are panting up life’s hill,
 And more than common strength and skill
 Must ye display,
 If ye would give the better will
 Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware !
But if the Poet's wit ye share,
 Like him can speed
The social hour — for tenfold care
 There will be need.

Even honest Men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you, — and fool and rake
 Your steps pursue ;
And of your Father's name will make
 A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire
That sanctify the cottage fire
 With service meet ;
There seek the genius of your Sire,
 His spirit greet ;

Or where, mid “ lonely heights and hows,”
He paid to Nature tuneful vows ;
Or wiped his honourable brows
 Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
 Upturned the soil ;

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way ;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
 Let faith be given ;
Nor deem that " light which leads astray,
 Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave ;
Be independent, generous, brave ;
Your Father such example gave,
 And such revere ;
But be admonished by his grave,
 And think, and fear !

III.

ELLEN IRWIN,

OR

THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the Braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian Maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle.
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay ;
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

From many Knights and many Squires
The Bruce had been selected ;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble Youth !
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

* The Kirtle is a River in the Southern part of Scotland, on whose banks the events here related took place.

But what is Gordon's beauteous face,
And what are Gordon's crosses,
To them who sit by Kirtle's Braes
Upon the verdant mosses?
Alas that ever he was born!
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling, —
And, starting up, to Bruce's heart
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it when it came,
And, stepping forth to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus, from the heart of her True-love,
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish Crescent.

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing :
So coming his last help to crave,
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirkonnell churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen :
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid ;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn HIC JACET !

IV.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
 Twice seven consenting years have shed
 Their utmost bounty on thy head :
 And these gray Rocks ; this household Lawn ;
 These Trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
 This fall of water, that doth make
 A murmur near the silent Lake ;
 This little Bay, a quiet Road
 That holds in shelter thy Abode ;
 In truth together, do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream ;
 Such Forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !

Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings

Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee, who art so beautiful ?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father, any thing to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from Thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the Cabin small,
The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall ;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all !

V.

GLEN-ALMAIN,

OR

THE NARROW GLEN.

IN this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek Streamlet, only one :
He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death ;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent ;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And every thing unreconciled ;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet ;
But this is calm ; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed ?
Or is it but a groundless creed ?
What matters it ? — I blame them not
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot
Was moved ; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A Convent, even a hermit's Cell
Would break the silence of this Dell :
It is not quiet, is not ease ;
But something deeper far than these :
The separation that is here
Is of the grave ; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead :
And, therefore, was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race !
Lies buried in this lonely place.

VI.

STEPPING WESTWARD.

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut where in the course of our Tour we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, “What, you are stepping westward?”

“*What you are stepping westward?*” — “*Yea.*”
 — ’Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
 If we, who thus together roam
 In a strange Land, and far from home,
 Were in this place the guests of Chance:
 Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
 Though home or shelter he had none,
 With such a Sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;
Behind, all gloomy to behold ;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny :
I liked the greeting ; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound ;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native Lake :
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy :
Its power was felt ; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

VII.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of Travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian Sands:
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ; —
I listened — motionless and still ;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

VIII.

ADDRESS

TO

KILCHURN CASTLE UPON LOCH AWE.

“ From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened
 “ upon our view, — a ruined Castle on an Island at some
 “ distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Moun-
 “ tain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The
 “ Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible
 “ to us, appearing to rise out of the Water, — mists rested
 “ upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine ; there
 “ was a mild desolation in the low-grounds, a solemn gran-
 “ deur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet
 “ stately — not dismantled of Turrets — nor the walls broken
 “ down, though obviously a ruin.”

Extract from the Journal of my Companion.

CHILD of loud-throated War ! the mountain Stream
 Roars in thy hearing ; but thy hour of rest
 Is come, and thou art silent in thy age ;
 Save when the winds sweep by and sounds are caught

Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
Oh ! there is life that breathes not ; Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from care
Cast off — abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
Nor by soft Peace adopted ; though, in place
And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,
Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner Hills
Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm ;)
Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
To reverence suspends his own ; submitting
All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
All that he has in common with the Stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time
Impersonated in thy calm decay !

Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unreprieved !
Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light
Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
Do thou, in turn, be paramount ; and rule
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite

To pay thee homage ; and with these are joined,
In willing admiration and respect,
Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called
Youthful as Spring. Shade of departed Power,
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The Chronicle were welcome that should call
Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infancy !
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as Ice ;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance ; so, majestic Pile,
To the perception of this Age, appear
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued
And quieted in character ; the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aërial heights of the Crusades !*

* The Tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.

IX.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The History of Rob Roy is sufficiently known ; his Grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pin-fold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the Traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS Man is Robin Hood,
 The English Ballad-singer's joy !
 And Scotland has a Thief as good,
 An Outlaw of as daring mood ;
 She has her brave ROB ROY !
 Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,
 And let us chant a passing Stave
 In honour of that Hero brave !

HEAVEN gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,
 And wondrous length and strength of arm :
 Nor craved he more to quell his Foes,
 Or keep his Friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong ;—
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy
 Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ;
As wise in thought as bold in deed :
For in the principles of things
 He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, “ What need of Books ?
Burn all the Statutes and their shelves :
They stir us up against our Kind ;
 And worse, against Ourselves.

We have a passion, make a law,
Too false to guide us or control !
And for the law itself we fight
 In bitterness of soul.

And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few :
These find I graven on my heart :
 That tells me what to do.

The Creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind !
With them no strife can last ; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

For why ?—because the good old Rule
Sufficeth them, the simple Plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see !
Thus nothing here provokes the Strong
To wanton cruelty.

All freakishness of mind is checked ;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires ;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

All Kinds, and Creatures, stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit :
'Tis God's appointment who must sway
And who is to submit.

Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day ;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow :
The Eagle, he was Lord above,
And Rob was Lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate ;
For Polity was then too strong ;
He came an age too late,

Or shall we say an age too soon ?
For, were the bold Man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough !

Then rents and Factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and Lairds and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre Vales confined ;
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind !

And to his Sword he would have said,
“ Do Thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth !
Judge thou of law and fact !

'Tis fit that we should do our part ;
Becoming, that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough :—
We'll shew that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

I, too, will have my Kings that take
From me the sign of life and death :
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath.”

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy !
France would have had her present Boast ;
And we our own Rob Roy !

Oh ! say not so ; compare them not ;
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !
Would wrong thee nowhere ; least of all
Here standing by thy Grave.

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild Chieftain of a Savage Clan !
Hadst this to boast of ; thou didst love
The *liberty* of Man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor Man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand ;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's Heights,
And by Loch Lomond's Braes !

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same ;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of ROB ROY's name.

X.

COMPOSED AT ————— CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas ! oh, the unworthy Lord !
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
 And love of havoc (for with such disease
 Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word
 To level with the dust a noble horde,
 A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
 Leaving an ancient Dome, and Towers like these,
 Beggared and outraged ! — Many hearts deplored
 The fate of those old Trees ; and oft with pain
 The Traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
 On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed :
 For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
 And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
 And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XI.

YARROW UNVISITED.

(See the various Poems the Scene of which is laid upon the Banks of the Yarrow ; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton, beginning

“ Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow !” —)

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled ;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled ;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my “ *winsome Marrow,*”
“ Whate’er betide, we’ll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow.”

“ Let Yarrow Folk, *frae* Selkirk Town,
“ Who have been buying, selling,
“ Go back to Yarrow, ’tis their own ;
“ Each Maiden to her Dwelling !
“ On Yarrow’s banks let herons feed,
“ Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !
“ But we will downwards with the Tweed,
“ Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

“ There ’s Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
“ Both lying right before us ;
“ And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
“ The Lintwhites sing in chorus ;
“ There ’s pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
“ Made blithe with plough and harrow :
“ Why throw away a needful day
“ To go in search of Yarrow ?

“ What ’s Yarrow but a River bare,
“ That glides the dark hills under ?
“ There are a thousand such elsewhere
“ As worthy of your wonder.”
— Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My True-love sighed for sorrow ;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

“ Oh ! green,” said I, “ are Yarrow’s Holms,
“ And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
“ Fair hangs the apple frae the rock*,
“ But we will leave it growing.
“ O’er hilly path, and open Strath,
“ We’ll wander Scotland thorough;
“ But, though so near, we will not turn
“ Into the Dale of Yarrow.

“ Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
“ The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
“ The swan on still St. Mary’s Lake
“ Float double, swan and shadow !
“ We will not see them ; will not go,
“ To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
“ Enough if in our hearts we know
“ There ’s such a place as Yarrow.

“ Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown !
“ It must, or we shall rue it :
“ We have a vision of our own ;
“ Ah ! why should we undo it ?
“ The treasured dreams of times long past,
“ We’ll keep them, winsome Marrow !
“ For when we ’re there, although ’tis fair,
“ ’Twill be another Yarrow !

* See Hamilton’s Ballad as above.

If Care with freezing years should come,
“ And wandering seem but folly, —
“ Should we be loth to stir from home,
“ And yet be melancholy ;
“ Should life be dull, and spirits low,
“ ’Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
“ That earth has something yet to show,
“ The bonny Holms of Yarrow !”

XII.

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY,

AN INVASION BEING EXPECTED, OCTOBER 1803.

Six thousand Veterans practised in War's game,
Tried Men, at Killicranky were arrayed
Against an equal Host that wore the Plaid,
Shepherds and Herdsmen. — Like a whirlwind came
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame ;
And Garry, thundering down his mountain road,
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
Of the dead bodies. — 'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
O for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave !
Like conquest would the Men of England see ;
And her Foes find a like inglorious Grave.

XIII.

THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH
AND HER HUSBAND.

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into private Lodgings for a few days ; and the following Verses were called forth by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.

AGE ! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
And call a train of laughing Hours ;
And bid them dance, and bid them sing ;
And thou, too, mingle in the Ring !
Take to thy heart a new delight ;
If not, make merry in despite
That there is One who scorns thy power : —
But dance ! for under Jedborough Tower,
A Matron dwells, who though she bears
Our mortal complement of years,
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay ! start not at that Figure — there !
Him who is rooted to his chair !
Look at him — look again ! for He
Hath long been of thy Family.
With legs that move not, if they can,
And useless arms, a Trunk of Man,
He sits, and with a vacant eye ;
A Sight to make a Stranger sigh !
Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :
His world is in this single room :
Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?
Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him in that forlorn estate !
He breathes a subterraneous damp ;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp :
He is as mute as Jedborough Tower ;
She jocund as it was of yore,
With all its bravery on ; in times
When all alive with merry chimes,
Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
It roused the Vale to Holiday.

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due
Is praise ; heroic praise, and true !
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold :
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
The picture of a life well spent :
This do I see ; and something more ;
A strength unthought of heretofore !
Delighted am I for thy sake ;
And yet a higher joy partake.
Our Human-nature throws away
Its second Twilight, and looks gay ;
A land of promise and of pride
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclosed
Within himself as seems, composed ;
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
The strife of happiness and pain,
Utterly dead ! yet in the guise
Of little Infants, when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro
The persons that before them go,
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.

Her buoyant Spirit can prevail
Where common cheerfulness would fail ;
She strikes upon him with the heat
Of July Suns ; he feels it sweet ;
An animal delight though dim !
'Tis all that now remains for him !

The more I looked, I wondered more —
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
A moment gave me to espy
A trouble in her strong black eye ;
A remnant of uneasy light,
A flash of something over-bright !
Nor long this mystery did detain
My thoughts ; she told in pensive strain
That she had borne a heavy yoke,
Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;
Ill health of body ; and had pined
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it ! — but let praise ascend
To Him who is our Lord and Friend !
Who from disease and suffering
Hath called for thee a second Spring ;

Repaid thee for that sore distress
By no untimely joyousness ;
Which makes of thine a blissful state ;
And cheers thy melancholy Mate !

XIV.

FLY, some kind Spirit, fly to Grasmere-dale,
Say that we come, and come by this day's light ;
Glad tidings ! — spread them over field and height ;
But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale ;
There let a mystery of joy prevail,
The happy Kitten bound with frolic might,
And Rover whine, as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that shall not fail ; —
And from that Infant's face let joy appear ;
Yea, let our Mary's one Companion Child,
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
With intimations manifold and dear,
While we have wandered over wood and wild,
Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

XV.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER RETURNING TO
THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
Have romped enough, my little Boy !
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest ;
This corner is your own.

There ! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly ;
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure which befel
A poor blind Highland Boy.

A *Highland* Boy ! — why call him so ?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know,
In land where many a mountain towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours !

He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight ;
The sun, the day ; the stars, the night ;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind ;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend ; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other Children him did love :
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than Mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her.

A Dog, too, had he ; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed ;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow ;
And thus from house to house would go,
And all were pleased to hear and see ;
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream ;
Both when he heard the Eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their Cottage stood.

Beside a lake their Cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood ;
But one of mighty size, and strange ;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this Lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills ;
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong :

Then hurries back the road it came —
Returns, on errand still the same ;
This did it when the earth was new ;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last.

And with the coming of the Tide,
Come Boats and Ships that safely ride,
Between the woods and lofty rocks ;
And to the Shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant Lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
The blind Boy always had his share ;
Whether of mighty Towns, or Vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
When from the water-side he heard
The shouting, and the jolly cheers,
The bustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail ?
For He must never handle sail ;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In Sailor's ship, or Fisher's boat
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,
What sin would be upon her head
If she should suffer this : " My Son,
Whate'er you do, leave this undone ;
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side
Still sounding with the sounding tide,
And heard the billows leap and dance,
Without a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,
Ye soon shall know how this befel)
He in a vessel of his own,
On the swift flood is hurrying down
Towards the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel never more
May human Creature leave the shore!
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen
The Indian's Bow, his arrows keen,
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men
Spread round that Haven in the glen ;
Each hut, perchance, might have its own,
And to the Boy they all were known ;
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle Shell
Which he, poor Child, had studied well ;
A Shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly Car of Amphitrite,
That sportive Dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This Shell upon the deep would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind Boy knew :
And he a story strange, yet true,
Had heard, how in a Shell like this
An English Boy, O thought of bliss !
Had stoutly launched from shore ;

Launched from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian Isles, where lay
His Father's ship, and had sailed far,
To join that gallant Ship of war,
In his delightful Shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited
The house which held this prize ; and, led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
That Story flashed upon his mind ;—
A bold thought roused him, and he took
The Shell from out its secret nook,
And bore it on his head.

He launched his Vessel — and in pride
Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
Stepped into it — his thoughts all free
As the light breezes that with glee
Sang through the Adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet ;
He felt the motion —took his seat ;
Still better pleased as more and more
The tide retreated from the shore,
And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.
How rapidly the Child is driven !
The fourth part of a mile I ween
He thus had gone, ere he was seen
By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me
What shrieking and what misery !
For many saw ; among the rest
His Mother, she who loved him best,
She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the Child, the sightless Boy,
It is the triumph of his joy !
The bravest Traveller in balloon,
Mounting as if to reach the moon,
Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
Alone, and innocent, and gay !
For, if good Angels love to wait
On the forlorn unfortunate,
This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
A Boat is ready to pursue ;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running Lake
They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace ;
So have ye seen the fowler chase
On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
A Youngling of the wild-duck's nest
With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily Sailors crept
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
The hapless Creature which did dwell
Erewhile within the dancing Shell,
 They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made
They follow, more and more afraid,
More cautious as they draw more near ;
But in his darkness he can hear,
 And guesses their intent.

“ *Lei-gha—Lei-gha* ” — then did he cry
“ *Lei-gha—Lei-gha* ” — most eagerly ;
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
And what he meant was, “ Keep away,
 And leave me to myself ! ”

Alas ! and when he felt their hands——
You’ve often heard of magic Wands,
That with a motion overthrow
A palace of the proudest show,
 Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light
With which his soul had shone so bright,
All vanished ;—'twas a heartfelt cross
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
As he had ever known.

But hark ! a gratulating voice
With which the very hills rejoice :
'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
Had watched the event, and now can see
That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
Full sure they were a happy band,
Which gathering round did on the banks
Of that great Water give God thanks,
And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
The blind Boy's little Dog took part ;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss,
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
She who had fainted with her fear,
Rejoiced when waking she espies
The Child ; when she can trust her eyes,
And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,
When he was in the house again :
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes ;
She could not blame him, or chastise :
She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved ;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland Dell
Still do they keep the Turtle Shell ;
And long the Story will repeat
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved.

It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, that a Boy, the Son of a Captain of a Man of War, seated himself in a Turtle Shell, and floated in it from the shore to his Father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a Shell for the less elegant Vessel in which my Blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

MEMORIALS

OF

A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

I.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF
 LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLI-
 TARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED
 THE NAME OF

THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

To barren heath, and quaking fen,
 Or depth of labyrinthine glen ;
 Or into trackless forest set
 With trees, whose lofty umbrage met ;
 World-wearied Men withdrew of yore, —
 (Penance their trust, and Prayer their store ;)
 And in the wilderness were bound
 To such apartments as they found ;
 Or with a new ambition raised ;
 That God might suitably be praised.

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey ;
Or where broad waters round him lay :
But this wild Ruin is no ghost
Of his devices — buried, lost !
Within this little lonely Isle
There stood a consecrated Pile ;
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
For them whose timid spirits clung
To mortal succour, though the tomb
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom !

Upon those servants of another world
When madding Power her bolts had hurled,
Their habitation shook ; — it fell,
And perished — save one narrow Cell ;
Whither, at length, a Wretch retired
Who neither grovelled nor aspired :
He, struggling in the net of pride,
The future scorned, the past defied ;
Still tempering from the unguilty forge
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge !

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
Who stood and flourished face to face
With their perennial hills; -- but Crime
Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
Brought low a Power, which from its home
Burst, when repose grew wearisome;
And, taking impulse from the sword,
And mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt !

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle !
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade ;
But the ground lay within that ring
To which he only dared to cling ;
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who bowed the head
Beneath the change, who heard a claim
How loud ! yet lived in peace with shame.

THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
(So seemed it) down a strange descent :
Till they, who saw his outward frame,
Fixed on him an unhallowed name ;
Him — free from all malicious taint,
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
A pen unwearied — to indite,
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night ;
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
The faded glories of his Clan !

Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,
And stars that in their courses fought, —
Towers rent, winds combating with woods —
Lands deluged by unbridled floods, —
And beast and bird that from the spell
Of sleep took import terrible, —
These types mysterious (if the show
Of battle and the routed foe
Had failed) would furnish an array
Of matter for the dawning day !

How disappeared He? — ask the Newt and Toad,
Inheritors of his abode ;

The Otter crouching undisturbed,
In her dank cleft ; — but be thou curbed,

O froward Fancy ! mid a scene

Of aspect winning and serene ;

For those offensive creatures shun

The inquisition of the sun !

And in this region flowers delight,

And all is lovely to the sight.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,

When she applies her annual test

To dead and living ; when her breath

Quickens, as now, the withered heath ; —

Nor flaunting Summer — when he throws

His soul into the briar-rose ;

Or calls the lily from her sleep

Prolonged beneath the bordering deep ;

Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren

Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

Wild Relique ! beauteous as the chosen spot
In Nysa's Isle, the embellished Grot ;
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
(High Servant of paternal Love)
Young Bacchus was conveyed — to lie
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye ;
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,
Close-crowding round the Infant God ;
All colours, and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek !

II.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

“ — How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
 All over his dear Country ; left the deeds
 Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
 Of independence and stern liberty.”

MS.

LORD of the Vale ! astounding Flood !
 The dullest leaf in this thick wood
 Quakes — conscious of thy power ;
 The caves reply with hollow moan ;
 And vibrates, to its central stone,
 Yon time-cemented Tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
 Beneficent as strong ;
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
 The little trembling flowers that peep
 Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee — delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear ;
And, to the Patriot-warrior's Shade,
Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear !

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight ;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the Moon's pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the Stream,
Yon grey tower's living crest !

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully descried : —
Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what bind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy ?
To what untrodden shore ?

Less than divine command they spurn ;
But this we from the mountains learn,
And this the valleys show,
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian Plain ;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian Pass,
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.

Nor deem that it can aught avail
For such to glide with oar or sail
Beneath the piny wood,
Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,
His vengeful shafts — prepared to slake
Their thirst in Tyrants' blood.

III.

EFFUSION,

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE BRAN,
NEAR DUNKELD.

“ The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must
 “ expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small
 “ apartment where the Gardener desired us to look at the
 “ picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of
 “ the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting
 “ in the middle — flying asunder as by the touch of magic —
 “ and lo ! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment,
 “ which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that
 “ tumbled in all directions ; the great cascade, opposite the
 “ window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable
 “ mirrors upon the ceilings and against the walls.”

Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.

WHAT He — who, mid the kindred throng
 Of Heroes that inspired his song,
 Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
 The Stars dim-twinkling through their forms !
 What ! Ossian here — a painted Thrall,
 Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall ;

To serve — an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen ;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish, by mysterious art ;
Head, Harp, and Body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder ;
A gay Saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing ;
One loud Cascade in front, and lo !
A thousand like it, white as snow —
Streams on the walls, and torrent foam
As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive cataracts ! of their terrors
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the Mirrors,
That catch the pageant from the Flood
Thundering adown a rocky wood !
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a Maniac dizzy,
When disenchanted from the mood
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood !

O Nature, in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions,
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime,
Ever averse to Pantomime,

Thee neither do they know nor us
Thy Servants, who can trifle thus ;
Else surely had the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
Exalted by congenial sway
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,
And names that moulder not away,
Awakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favoured Spot ;
Recalled some feeling—to set free
The Bard from such indignity !

* The Effigies of a valiant Wight
I once beheld, a Templar Knight ;
Not prostrate, not like those that rest
On Tombs, with palms together prest,
But sculptured out of living stone,
And standing upright and alone,
Both hands with rival energy
Employed in setting his sword free
From its dull sheath—stern Sentinel
Intent to guard St. Robert's Cell ;

* On the banks of the River Nid, near Knaresborough.

As if with memory of the affray
Far distant, when, as legends say,
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
That in their keeping it might lie,
To crown their Abbey's sanctity.
So had they rushed into the Grot
Of sense despised, a world forgot,
And torn him from his loved Retreat,
Where Altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
Still hint that quiet best is found,
Even by the *Living*, under ground ;
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
Defeating, put the Monks to shame,
There where you see his Image stand
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
Which lingering NID is proud to show
Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the Men of earliest days,
Our Sires set forth their grateful praise ;
Uncouth the workmanship, and rude !
But, nursed in mountain solitude,

Might some aspiring Artist dare
To seize whate'er, through misty air,
A Ghost, by glimpses, may present
Of imitable lineament,
And give the Phantom such array
As less should scorn the abandoned clay ;
Then let him hew with patient stroke
An Ossian out of mural rock,
And leave the figurative Man
Upon thy Margin, roaring Bran !
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep ;
With local sanctities in trust,
More precious than a Hermit's dust ;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which old Idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny
All fervour to the sightless eye ;
And touch from rising Suns in vain
Solicit a Memnonian strain ;
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
The Wind might force the deep-grooved harp

To utter melancholy moans
Not unconnected with the tones
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones ;
While grove and river notes would lend,
Less deeply sad, with these to blend !

Vain Pleasures of luxurious life,
For ever with yourselves at strife ;
Through town and country both deranged
By affectations interchanged,
And all the perishable gauds
That heaven-deserted Man applauds ;
When will your hapless Patrons learn
To watch and ponder — to discern
The freshness, the eternal youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth ;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing ;
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart ?

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced
With baubles of Theatric taste,

O'erlooks the Torrent breathing showers
On motley bands of alien flowers,
In stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I mused ; and, thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness.

IV.

YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND is this — Yarrow? — *This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness ;
Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes
All profitless dejection ;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding :
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice —
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers :
And Pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love ;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That Region left, the Vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in !
Yon Cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts that nestle there,
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
'Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
A ray of Fancy still survives —
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure ;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt — and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine —
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me — to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

P O E M S

ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

By persons resident in the country and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little Incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such Incidents, or renew the gratification of such Feelings, Names have been given to Places by the Author and some of his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

P O E M S

ON

THE NAMING OF PLACES.

I.

IT was an April morning: fresh and clear
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed; and yet the voice
Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living things
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves appeared as if in haste
To spur the steps of June; as if their shades
Of *various* green were hindrances that stood
Between them and their object: yet, meanwhile,
There was such deep contentment in the air,
That every naked ash, and tardy tree
Yet leafless, seemed as though the countenance

With which it looked on this delightful day
Were native to the summer. — Up the brook
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things and forgetting all.
At length I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The Stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all
Which I till then had heard, appeared the voice
Of common pleasure : beast and bird, the Lamb,
The Shepherd's Dog, the Linnet and the Thrush
Vied with this Waterfall, and made a song
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wildgrowth
Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves were here ;
But 'twas the foliage of the rocks, the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent furze :
And on a summit, distant a short space,
By any who should look beyond the dell,
A single mountain Cottage might be seen.
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,
“ Our thoughts at least are ours ; and this wild nook,
My EMMA, I will dedicate to thee.”

—— Soon did the spot become my other home,
My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me there,
To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,
Years after we are gone and in our graves,
When they have cause to speak of this wild place,
May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.

II.

TO JOANNA.

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass
The time of early youth ; and there you learned,
From years of quiet industry, to love
The living Beings by your own fire-side,
With such a strong devotion, that your heart
Is slow toward the sympathies of them
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
And make dear friendships with the streams and groves.
Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,
Dwelling retired in our simplicity
Among the woods and fields, we love you well,
Joanna ! and I guess, since you have been
So distant from us now for two long years,
That you will gladly listen to discourse

However trivial, if you thence are taught
That they, with whom you once were happy, talk
Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days past,
Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop
Their ancient neighbour, the old Steeple tower,
The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by
Came forth to greet me; and when he had asked,
“How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid!
And when will she return to us?” he paused;
And, after short exchange of village news,
He with grave looks demanded, for what cause,
Reviving obsolete Idolatry,
I, like a Runic Priest, in characters
Of formidable size had chiseled out
Some uncouth name upon the native rock,
Above the Rotha, by the forest side.
—Now, by those dear immunities of heart
Engendered betwixt malice and true love,
I was not loth to be so catechised,
And this was my reply:—“As it befel,
One summer morning we had walked abroad
At break of day, Joanna and myself.

—'Twas that delightful season when the broom,
Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.
Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks ;
And when we came in front of that tall rock
Which looks toward the East, I there stopped short,
And traced the lofty barrier with my eye
From base to summit ; such delight I found
To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,
That intermixture of delicious hues,
Along so vast a surface, all at once,
In one impression, by connecting force
Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.
—When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The Rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again :
That ancient Woman seated on Helm-Crag
Was ready with her cavern : Hammar-Scar,
And the tall Steep of Silver-How, sent forth
A noise of laughter ; southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone :

Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the Lady's voice, — old Skiddaw blew
His speaking trumpet ; — back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice ;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.
— Now whether (said I to our cordial Friend,
Who in the hey-day of astonishment
Smiled in my face) this were in simple truth
A work accomplished by the brotherhood
Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched
With dreams and visionary impulses
To me alone imparted, sure I am
That there was a loud uproar in the hills :
And, while we both were listening, to my side
The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished
To shelter from some object of her fear.
— And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen moons
Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm
And silent morning, I sat down, and there,
In memory of affections old and true,
I chiseled out in those rude characters
Joanna's name upon the living stone.

And I, and all who dwell by my fire-side,
Have called the lovely rock, JOANNA'S ROCK."

Note. — In Cumberland and Westmorland are several Inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of Time, and the rudeness of the Workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are without doubt Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the River which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydale, falls into Wynander. On Helm-Crag, that impressive single Mountain at the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an Old Woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those Fissures or Caverns, which in the language of the country are called Dungeons. Most of the Mountains here mentioned immediately surround the Vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

III.

THERE is an Eminence,—of these our hills
The last that parleys with the setting sun.
We can behold it from our Orchard-seat ;
And, when at evening we pursue our walk
Along the public way, this Cliff, so high
Above us, and so distant in its height,
Is visible ; and often seems to send
Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.
The meteors make of it a favourite haunt :
The star of Jove, so beautiful and large
In the mid heavens, is never half so fair
As when he shines above it. 'Tis in truth
The loneliest place we have among the clouds.
And She who dwells with me, whom I have loved
With such communion, that no place on earth
Can ever be a solitude to me,
Hath to this lonely Summit given my Name.

IV.

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and crags,
A rude and natural causeway, interposed
Between the water and a winding slope
Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern shore
Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy.

And there, myself and two beloved Friends,
One calm September morning, ere the mist
Had altogether yielded to the sun,
Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.

—— Ill suits the road with one in haste, but we
Played with our time; and, as we strolled along,
It was our occupation to observe
Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore,
Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,
Each on the other heaped, along the line
Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,
Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft

Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,
That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,
Suddenly halting now — a lifeless stand !
And starting off again with freak as sudden ;
In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,
Making report of an invisible breeze
That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,
Its playmate, rather say its moving soul.
— And often, trifling with a privilege
Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,
And now the other, to point out, perchance
To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too fair
Either to be divided from the place
On which it grew, or to be left alone
To its own beauty. Many such there are,
Fair Ferns and Flowers, and chiefly that tall Fern,
So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named ;
Plant lovelier in its own retired abode
On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old Romance.
— So fared we that bright morning : from the fields,
Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy mirth
Of Reapers, Men and Women, Boys and Girls.

Delighted much to listen to those sounds,
And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced
Along the indented shore ; when suddenly,
Through a thin veil of glittering haze was seen
Before us, on a point of jutting land,
The tall and upright figure of a Man
Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone,
Angling beside the margin of the lake.
Improvident and reckless, we exclaimed,
The Man must be, who thus can lose a day
Of the mid harvest, when the labourer's hire
Is ample, and some little might be stored
Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time.
Thus talking of that Peasant, we approached
Close to the spot where with his rod and line
He stood alone ; whereat he turned his head
To greet us — and we saw a Man worn down
By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken cheeks
And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean
That for my single self I looked at them,
Forgetful of the body they sustained. —
Too weak to labour in the harvest field,
The Man was using his best skill to gain
A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake

That knew not of his wants. I will not say
What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how
The happy idleness of that sweet morn,
With all its lovely images, was changed
To serious musing and to self-reproach.
Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
What need there is to be reserved in speech,
And temper all our thoughts with charity.
— Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,
My Friend, Myself, and She who then received
The same admonishment, have called the place
By a memorial name, uncouth indeed
As e'er by Mariner was given to Bay
Or Foreland, on a new-discovered coast ;
And POINT RAH JUDGMENT is the Name it bears.

V

TO M. H.

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees ;
There was no road, nor any woodman's path ;
But the thick umbrage, checking the wild growth
Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf
Beneath the branches, of itself had made
A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
And a small bed of water in the woods.
All round this pool both flocks and herds might drink
On its firm margin, even as from a Well,
Or some Stone-basin which the Herdsman's hand
Had shaped for their refreshment ; nor did sun,
Or wind from any quarter, ever come,
But as a blessing, to this calm recess,
This glade of water and this one green field.
The spot was made by Nature for herself,

The travellers know it not, and 'twill remain
Unknown to them : but it is beautiful ;
And if a man should plant his cottage near,
Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
And blend its waters with his daily meal,
He would so love it, that in his death hour
Its image would survive among his thoughts :
And therefore, my sweet MARY, this still Nook,
With all its beeches, we have named from You.

VI.

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy World,
Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful Vale,
Sharp season followed of continual storm
In deepest winter ; and, from week to week,
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were clogged
With frequent showers of snow. Upon a hill
At a short distance from my Cottage, stands
A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont
To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof
Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place
Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.
Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,
And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,
The redbreast near me hopped ; nor was I loth
To sympathise with vulgar coppice Birds
That, for protection from the nipping blast,

Hither repaired. — A single beech-tree grew
Within this grove of firs; and, on the fork
Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's nest;
A last year's nest, conspicuously built
At such small elevation from the ground
As gave sure sign that they, who in that house
Of nature and of love had made their home
Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long
Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,
A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-flock,
Would watch my motions with suspicious stare,
From the remotest outskirts of the grove, —
Some nook where they had made their final stand,
Huddling together from two fears — the fear
Of me and of the storm. Full many an hour
Here did I lose. But in this grove the trees
Had been so thickly planted, and had thriven
In such perplexed and intricate array,
That vainly did I seek, between their stems,
A length of open space, where to and fro
My feet might move without concern or care
And, baffled thus, before the storm relaxed,
I ceased the shelter to frequent, — and prized,
Less than I wished to prize, that calm recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring returned
To clothe the fields with verdure. Other haunts
Meanwhile were mine ; till, one bright April day,
By chance retiring from the glare of noon
To this forsaken covert, there I found
A hoary path-way traced between the trees,
And winding on with such an easy line
Along a natural opening, that I stood
Much wondering how I could have sought in vain
For what was now so obvious. To abide,
For an allotted interval of ease,
Beneath my cottage roof, had newly come
From the wild sea a cherished Visitant ;
And with the sight of this same path — begun,
Begun and ended, in the shady grove,
Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind
That, to this opportune recess allured,
He had surveyed it with a finer eye,
A heart more wakeful ; and had worn the track
By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
In that habitual restlessness of foot
With which the Sailor measures o'er and o'er
His short domain upon the vessel's deck,
While she is travelling through the dreary sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant shore,
And taken thy first leave of those green hills
And rocks that were the play-ground of thy Youth,
Year followed year, my Brother ! and we two,
Conversing not, knew little in what mould
Each other's minds were fashioned ; and at length,
When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,
Between us there was little other bond
Than common feelings of fraternal love.
But thou, a School-boy, to the sea hadst carried
Undying recollections ; Nature there
Was with thee ; she, who loved us both, she still
Was with thee ; and even so didst thou become
A *silent* Poet ; from the solitude
Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.
— Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone ;
Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours
Could I withhold thy honoured name, and now
I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.
Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns
Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong :
And there I sit at evening, when the steep

Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful Lake,
And one green Island, gleam between the stems
Of the dark firs, a visionary scene !
And, while I gaze upon the spectacle
Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight
Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,
My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.
Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,
Muttering the Verses which I muttered first
Among the mountains, through the midnight watch
Art pacing thoughtfully the Vessel's deck
In some far region, here, while o'er my head,
At every impulse of the moving breeze,
The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,
Alone I tread this path ;—for aught I know,
Timing my steps to thine ; and, with a store
Of undistinguishable sympathies,
Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
When we, and others whom we love, shall meet
A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.

Note. — This wish was not granted ; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company's Vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny.

INSCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE
BEAUMONT, BART. LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE embowering Rose, the Acacia, and the Pine,
Will not unwillingly their place resign ;
If but the Cedar thrive that near them stands,
Planted by Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's hands.
One wooed the silent Art with studious pains,—
These Groves have heard the Other's pensive strains ;
Devoted thus, their spirits did unite
By interchange of knowledge and delight.
May Nature's kindest powers sustain the Tree,
And Love protect it from all injury !
And when its potent branches, wide out-thrown,
Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,
Here may some Painter sit in future days,
Some future Poet meditate his lays ;

Not mindless of that distant age renowned
When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,
The haunt of Him who sang how spear and shield
In civil conflict met on Bosworth Field ;
And of that famous Youth, full soon removed
From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self approved,
Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

II.

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

OFT is the Medal faithful to its trust
When Temples, Columns, Towers are laid in dust ;
And 'tis a common ordinance of fate
That things obscure and small outlive the great :
Hence, when yon Mansion and the flowery trim
Of this fair Garden, and its alleys dim,
And all its stately trees, are passed away,
This little Niche, unconscious of decay,
Perchance may still survive.— And be it known
That it was scooped within the living stone, —
Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains
Of labourer plodding for his daily gains ;
But by an industry that wrought in love,
With help from female hands, that proudly strove
To aid the work, what time these walks and bowers
Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely hours.

III.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., AND
IN HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY HIM AT THE TERMINATION
OF A NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE SAME GROUNDS.

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn,
Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's return;
And be not slow a stately growth to rear
Of Pillars, branching off from year to year,
Till they have learned to frame a darksome Aisle;—
That may recal to mind that awful Pile
Where Reynolds, 'mid our Country's noblest Dead,
In the last sanctity of fame is laid.
—There, though by right the excelling Painter sleep
Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep,
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear
Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private tear:
Hence, on my patrimonial Grounds, have I
Raised this frail tribute to his memory,
From youth a zealous follower of the Art
That he professed, attached to him in heart;
Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.

IV.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon eastern Ridge, the craggy Bound,
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground,
Stand yet, but, Stranger ! hidden from thy view,
The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU ;
Erst a religious House, which day and night
With hymns resounded, and the chanted rite :
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave birth
To honourable Men of various worth :
There, on the margin of a Streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager Child ;
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks ;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskined Stage.
Communities are lost, and Empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie ;
They perish ; — but the Intellect can raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays.

V.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE IN THE WALL OF THE
HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE) ON THE ISLAND AT GRASMERE.

RUDE is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained
Proportions more harmonious, and approached
To somewhat of a closer fellowship
With the ideal grace. Yet, as it is,
Do take it in good part : — alas ! the poor
Vitruvius of our village had no help
From the great City ; never, on the leaves
Of red Morocco folio saw displayed
The skeletons and pre-existing ghosts
Of Beauties yet unborn, the rustic Box,
Snug Cot, with Coach-house, Shed, and Hermitage.
Thou see'st a homely Pile, yet to these walls
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.
And hither does one Poet sometimes row

His Pinnacle, a small vagrant Barge, up-piled
With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,
(A lading which he with his sickle cuts
Among the mountains) and beneath this roof
He makes his summer couch, and here at noon
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the Sheep,
Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,
Lie round him, even as if they were a part
Of his own Household: nor, while from his bed
He through that door-place looks toward the lake
And to the stirring breezes, does he want
Creations lovely as the work of sleep,
Fair sights — and visions of romantic joy!

VI.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL ON A STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE
MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COMB.

STAY, bold Adventurer ; rest awhile thy limbs
On this commodious Seat ! for much remains
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence, — from blackness named,
And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,
A favourite spot of tournament and war !
But thee may no such boisterous visitants
Molest ; may gentle breezes fan thy brow ;
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,
From centre to circumference, unveiled !
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,
That on the summit whither thou art bound,
A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,
With books supplied and instruments of art,
To measure height and distance ; lonely task,

Week after week pursued ! — To him was given
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed
On timid man) of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills. He made report
That once, while there he plied his studious work
Within that canvass Dwelling, suddenly
The many-coloured map before his eyes
Became invisible : for all around
Had darkness fallen — unthreatened, unproclaimed —
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment ; total gloom,
In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top !

See Vol. II. p. 56.

VII.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL UPON A STONE, THE LARGEST OF
A HEAP LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY, UPON ONE OF THE
ISLANDS AT RYDALE.

STRANGER ! this hillock of mis-shapen stones
Is not a Ruin of the ancient time,
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the Cairn
Of some old British Chief: 'tis nothing more
Than the rude embryo of a little Dome
Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be built
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned
That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,
And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose, the Knight forthwith
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
Are monuments of his unfinished task. —
The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,
Was once selected as the corner-stone

Of the intended Pile, which would have been
Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill,
So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,
And other little builders who dwell here,
Had wondered at the work. But blame him not,
For old Sir William was a gentle Knight
Bred in this vale, to which he appertained
With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,
And for the outrage which he had devised
Entire forgiveness ! — But if thou art one
On fire with thy impatience to become
An inmate of these mountains, — if, disturbed
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
Out of the quiet rock the elements
Of thy trim mansion destined soon to blaze
In snow-white splendour, — think again, and, taught
By old Sir William and his quarry, leave
Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose ;
There let the vernal Slow-worm sun himself,
And let the Redbreast hop from stone to stone.

VIII.

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR
A HERMIT'S CELL.

1.

HOPES what are they? — Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass ;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy?
Whispering harm where harm is not ;
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot !

What is glory? — in the socket
See how dying tapers fare !
What is pride? — a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship? — do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made ;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth? — a staff rejected;
Duty? — an unwelcome clog;
Joy? — a moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing —
And as quickly it is gone;

Gone, as if for ever hidden;
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth? — a dancing billow,
(Winds behind, and rocks before !)
Age? — a drooping, tottering willow
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace? — when pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover
That precedes the passing knell !

IX.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

2.

PAUSE, Traveller ! whosoe'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat ;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace,
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this Rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
Uphold a Monument as fair
As Church or Abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble white, like ether pure ;
As if beneath some hero lay,
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed ;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But Frost had reared the gorgeous Pile
Unsound as those which fortune builds ;
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground ;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around !

X.

3.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts! — A wind-swept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life; and death a shadow
From the rock eternity!

XI.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

4.

TROUBLED long with warring notions,
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well;
Rains, that make each rill a torrent,
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine Tranquillity!

XII.

5.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn ;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding Bark, untrue ;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify !

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee ;
And peace was given, — nor peace alone,
But faith sublimed to ecstasy !

XIII.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S
ISLAND, DERWENT-WATER.

STRANGER ! this shapeless heap of stones and earth
Is the last relic of St. Herbert's Cell.
Here stood his threshold ; here was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude. — But he had left
A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved
As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the Lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced

Along the beach of this small isle and thought
Of his Companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So prayed he :—as our Chronicles report,
Though here the Hermit numbered his last day,
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,
Those holy Men both died in the same hour.

SONNETS
DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.
PART FIRST.

I.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of Evening, Splendour of the West,
Star of my country ! — on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom ; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem ; and should'st wink,
Bright Star ! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There ! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, it is England ; there it lies.
Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory ! I with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among Men who do not love her, linger here.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a Reed that's shaken by the wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, Lawyers, Statesmen, Squires of low degree,
Men known, and men unknown, Sick, Lame, and Blind,
Post forward all, like Creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
'Tis ever thus. Ye Men of prostrate mind!
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

III.

TO A FRIEND.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ARDRES,
AUGUST 7, 1802.

JONES ! while from Calais southward you and I
Urged our accordant steps, this public Way
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day, *
When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty :
A homeless sound of joy was in the Sky ;
The antiquated Earth, as one might say,
Beat like the heart of Man : songs, garlands, play,
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh !
And now, sole register that these things were,
Two solitary greetings have I heard,
“ *Good morrow, Citizen !*” a hollow word,
As if a dead Man spake it ! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pensive as a Bird
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.

* 14th July, 1790.

IV.

1801.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! for, who aspires
To genuine greatness but from just desires,
And knowledge such as *he* could never gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

V.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names :
This is young Buonaparté's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established sway,
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims
Her approbation, and with pomps and games.
Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay !
Calais is not : and I have bent my way
To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames
His business as he likes. Far other show
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time ;
The senselessness of joy was then sublime !
Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

VI.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee ;
And was the safeguard of the West : the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a Maiden City, bright and free ;
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
And, when She took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day :
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

VII.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE Voice of Song from distant lands shall call
To that great King ; shall hail the crowned Youth
Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,
By one example hath set forth to all
How they with dignity may stand ; or fall,
If fall they must. Now, whither doth it tend ?
And what to him and his shall be the end ?
That thought is one which neither can appal
Nor cheer him ; for the illustrious Swede hath done
The thing which ought to be : He stands *above*
All consequences : work he hath begun
Of fortitude, and piety, and love,
Which all his glorious Ancestors approve :
The Heroes bless him, him their rightful Son.

VIII.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy Man of Men !
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ; —
O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
Though fallen Thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

IX.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of Tyranny that disgraced these times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the Government : we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

DRIVEN from the soil of France, a Female came
From Calais with us, brilliant in array, —
A Negro Woman, like a Lady gay,
Yet downcast as a Woman fearing blame ;
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She sate, from notice turning not away,
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech, — or at the same
Was silent, motionless in eyes and face.
Meanwhile those eyes retained their tropic fire,
Which, burning independent of the mind,
Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
To mock the outcast — O ye Heavens, be kind !
And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race !

X.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY, NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil we breathe once more.
The Cock that crows, the Smoke that curls, that sound
Of Bells, — those Boys who in yon meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing, — and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore, —
All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
With joy in Kent's green vales ; but never found
Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in Bonds ; but let that pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
My Country ! and 'tis joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side

XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

INLAND, within a hollow Vale, I stood ;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The Coast of France, the Coast of France how near !
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
Was like a Lake, or River bright and fair,
A span of waters ; yet what power is there !
What mightiness for evil and for good !
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and Waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the Soul
Only the Nations shall be great and free.

XII.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against Him ; but hast vainly striven.
Thou from thy Alpine Holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain Floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

XIII.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our Life is only drest
For show ; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom ! — We must run glittering like a Brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest :
The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
Plain living and high thinking are no more :
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

XIV.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON ! thou should'st be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

XV.

GREAT Men have been among us ; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none :
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton Friend.
These Moralists could act and comprehend :
They knew how genuine glory was put on ;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour : what strength was, that would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !
No single Volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road ;
But equally a want of Books and Men !

XVI.

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which to the open Sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our Halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. — In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

XVII.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert
The Student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country! — am I to be blamed?
But when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled.
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child.

XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

ONE might believe that natural miseries
Had blasted France, and made of it a land
Unfit for Men ; and that in one great Band
Her Sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.
But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze
Shed gentle favours ; rural works are there ;
And ordinary business without care ;
Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please !
How piteous then that there should be such dearth
Of knowledge ; that whole myriads should unite
To work against themselves such fell despite :
Should come in phrensy and in drunken mirth,
Impatient to put out the only light
Of Liberty that yet remains on Earth !

XIX.

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall :
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,
Who, even the best, in such condition, free
From self-reproach, reproach which he must share
With Human Nature ? Never be it ours
To see the Sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble Feelings, manly Powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine,
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
Fade, and participate in Man's decline.

XX.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times touch monied Worldlings with dismay :
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair :
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
Sound, healthy Children of the God of Heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath ;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital, — and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death !

XXI.

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou should'st wean
Thy heart from its emasculating food ;
The truth should now be better understood ;
Old things have been unsettled ; we have seen
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
But for thy trespasses ; and, at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, Thou would'st step between.
England ! all nations in this charge agree :
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate
Far, far more abject is thine Enemy :
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight
Of thy offences be a heavy weight :
Oh grief ! that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee !

XXII.

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present face of things,
I see one Man, of Men the meanest too !
Raised up to sway the World, to do, undo,
With mighty Nations for his Underlings,
The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow ; I find nothing great ;
Nothing is left which I can venerate ;
So that almost a doubt within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God !
I measure back the steps which I have trod ;
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

XXIII.

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBER, 1803.

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,
Ye Children of a Soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
To France be words of invitation sent !
They from their Fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, Ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before ;—
No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;
We all are with you now from Shore to Shore :—
Ye Men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death !

XXIV.

ANTICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won !
On British ground the Invaders are laid low ;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun,
Never to rise again ! — the work is done.
Come forth, ye Old Men, now in peaceful show
And greet your Sons ! drums beat and trumpets blow !
Make merry, Wives ! ye little Children, stun
Your Grandames' ears with pleasure of your noise !
Clap, Infants, clap your hands ! Divine must be
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
And even the prospect of our Brethren slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys : —
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

XXV.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year ! — another deadly blow !
Another mighty Empire overthrown !
And We are left, or shall be left, alone ;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well ! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought ;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O Dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer !
We shall exult, if They who rule the land
Be Men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant ; not a servile Band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

ODE.

1.

Who rises on the banks of Seine,
 And binds her temples with the civic wreath?
 What joy to read the promise of her mien!
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath!

But they are ever playing,
 And twinkling in the light,
 And if a breeze be straying,
 That breeze she will invite;

And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
 And calls a look of love into her face,
 And spreads her arms—as if the general air
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.

—Melt, Principalities, before her melt!

Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!

But She through many a change of form hath gone,

And stands amidst you now, an armed Creature,

Whose panoply is not a thing put on,

But the live scales of a portentous nature;

That, having wrought its way from birth to birth,
Stalks round — abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the Earth !

2.

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest ;
My Soul, a sorrowful Interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed
Before the ominous aspect of her spear ;
Whether the mighty Beam, in scorn upheld,
Threatened her foes, — or, pompously at rest,
Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting Sun, and through the fiery West.

3.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy !
And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,
Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
— Have we not known — and live we not to tell —
That Justice seemed to hear her final knell ?
Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure !
And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell
From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest :

Shame followed shame — and woe supplanted woe —
 Is this the only change that time can show?
 How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens, how long
 — Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
 Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
 Up to the measure of accorded might,
 And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

4.

Weak Spirits are there — who would ask,
 Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
 The Lion's sinews, or the Eagle's wing;
 Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade.
 Among the lurking powers
 Of herbs and lowly flowers,
 Or seek, from Saints above, miraculous aid;
 That Man may be accomplished for a task
 Which his own Nature hath enjoined — and why?
 If, when that interference hath relieved him,
 He must sink down to languish
 In worse than former helplessness — and lie
 Till the caves roar, — and, imbecility
 Again engendering anguish,
 The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived him.

5.

But Thou, Supreme Disposer ! may'st not speed
The course of things, and change the creed,
Which hath been held aloft before Men's sight
Since the first framing of societies,
Whether, as Bards have told in ancient song,
Built up by soft seducing harmonies ;
Or prest together by the appetite,
And by the power, of wrong !

SONNETS

DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

PART SECOND.

I.

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground,
And to the Concourse of the Isthmian Games
He, by his Herald's voice, aloud proclaims
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE : — the words rebound
Until all voices in one voice are drowned ;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent !
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound !
— A melancholy Echo of that noise
Doth sometimes hang on musing Fancy's ear :
Ah ! that a *Conqueror's* word should be so dear ;
Ah ! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys !
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

II.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn
The tidings passed of servitude repealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.
“’Tis known,” cried they, “that he, who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian Crown,
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows. — Yet so ye prop,
Sons of the Brave who fought at Marathon!
Your feeble Spirits. Greece her head hath bowed,
As if the wreath of Liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove’s will, descends on Pelion’s top.”

III.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR
THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON ! it was an obstinate Hill to climb :
How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by Thee
Is known, — by none, perhaps, so feelingly ;
But Thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
First roused thee. — O true yoke-fellow of Time
With unabating effort, see, the palm
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn !
The bloody Writing is for ever torn,
And Thou henceforth shalt have a good Man's calm,
A great Man's happiness ; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm Friend of human kind !

IV.

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from you !
Thus in your Books the record shall be found,
“ A Watchword was pronounced, a potent sound,
ARMINIUS ! — all the people quaked like dew
Stirred by the breeze — they rose, a Nation, true,
True to herself — the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.
All power was given her in the dreadful trance ;
Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame.”
— Woe to them all ! but heaviest woe and shame
To that Bavarian who did first advance
His banner in accursed league with France,
First open Traitor to a sacred name !

V.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove — Venus — and the ruddy crest of Mars,
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror? — or the nether sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which it feeds
Its own calm fires? — But list! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
“Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!”

VI.

Go back to antique Ages, if thine eyes
The genuine mien and character would trace
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
Prompting the World's audacious vanities !
See, at her call, the Tower of Babel rise ;
The Pyramid extend its monstrous base,
For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an aery name to immortalize.
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,
See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute
To chase mankind, with men in armies packed
For his field-pastime, high and absolute,
While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked !

VII.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A
TRACT, OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA, 1808.

NOT 'mid the World's vain objects ! that enslave
The free-born Soul,—that World whose vaunted skill
In selfish interest perverts the will,
Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave ;
Not there ! but in dark wood and rocky cave,
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never shall be still :
Here, mighty Nature ! in this school sublime
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain :
For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore my way,
And look and listen — gathering, whence I may,
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

VIII.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE SAME OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen;—and listened to the wind
That sang of trees up-torn and vessels tost;
A midnight harmony, and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains confined
Of business, care, or pleasure, — or resigned
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impassioned strain,
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,
Like acceptation from the World will find.
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past,
And to the attendant promise will give heed —
The prophecy, — like that of this wild blast,
Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrink,
Tells also of bright calms that shall succeed.

IX.

HÖFFER.

OF mortal Parents is the Hero born
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led?
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
Returned to animate an age forlorn?
He comes like Phœbus through the gates of morn
When dreary darkness is discomfited:
Yet mark his modest state! upon his head,
That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.
O Liberty! they stagger at the shock;
The Murderers are aghast; they strive to flee,
And half their Host is buried:—rock on rock
Descends:—beneath this godlike Warrior, see!
Hills, Torrents, Woods, embodied to bemock
The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

X.

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul untamed,
Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named!
Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound
And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound,—
Like Echo, when the Hunter-train at dawn
Have roused her from her sleep: and forest-lawn,
Cliffs, woods, and caves her viewless steps resound
And babble of her pastime! — On, dread Power!
With such invisible motion speed thy flight,
Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
Through the green vales and through the Herdsman's bower,
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

XI.

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE Land we from our Fathers had in trust,
And to our Children will transmit, or die :
This is our maxim, this our piety ;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we *would* perform in arms — we must !
We read the dictate in the Infant's eye ;
In the Wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us. — Sing aloud
Old Songs, the precious music of the heart !
Give, Herds and Flocks, your voices to the wind !
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

XII.

ALAS ! what boots the long, laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill;
Or pains abstruse — to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion shall the sway attest
Of reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword ? Her haughty Schools
Shall blush ; and may not we with sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought ?

XIII.

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is true ?
And, rising to repel or to subdue,
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails ?
Ah, no ! though Nature's dread protection fails,
There is a bulwark in the *soul*. This knew
Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
By Palafox, and many a brave Compeer,
Like him of noble birth and noble mind ;
By Ladies, meek-eyed Women without fear ;
And Wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
The bread which without industry they find.

XIV.

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
Dwells in the affections and the soul of man
A Godhead, like the universal PAN,
But more exalted, with a brighter train.
And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,
Showered equally on city and on field,
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield
In these usurping times of fear and pain?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
Even to the death:—else wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality?

XV.

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

It was a *moral* end for which they fought ;
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
A resolution, or enlivening thought ?
Nor hath that moral good been *vainly* sought ;
For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
Sleep, Warriors, sleep ! among your hills repose !
We know that ye, beneath the stern control
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul.
And when impatient of her guilt and woes
Europe breaks forth ; then, Shepherds ! shall ye rise
For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

XVI.

HAIL, Zaragoza ! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold ;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate Remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue : they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse ;
Disease consumed thy vitals ; War upheaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force ;
Dread trials ! yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And Law was from *necessity* received.

XVII.

SAY, what is Honour? — 'Tis the finest sense
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
A Kingdom doth assault, and in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest Armies fail,
Honour is hopeful elevation — whence
Glory, and Triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust,
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust, —
A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

XVIII.

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
Armies or Kingdoms. We have heard a strain
Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore
A weight of hostile corses : drenched with gore
Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.
Yet see, the mighty tumult overpast,
Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold !
And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
Murdered like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
Murdered without relief. Oh ! blind as bold,
To think that such assurance can stand fast !

XIX.

BRAVE Schill ! by death delivered, take thy flight
From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
With heroes 'mid the Islands of the Blest,
Or in the Fields of empyrean light.
A meteor wert thou in a darksome night ;
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star : such glory is thy right.
Alas ! it may not be : for earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependent ; yet there lives
A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives ;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed ;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

XX.

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,
Who never did to Fortune bend the knee ;
Who slighted fear, rejected steadfastly
Temptation ; and whose kingly name and state
Have “ perished by his choice, and not his fate !”
Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared ;
And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
He sits a more exalted Potentate,
Throned in the hearts of men. Should Heaven ordain
That this great Servant of a righteous cause
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,
Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain
In thankful joy and gratulation pure. *

* See note.

XXI.

Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid
His vows to Fortune ; who, in cruel slight
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made
By the blind Goddess ; — ruthless, undismayed ;
And so hath gained at length a prosperous Height,
Round which the Elements of worldly might
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.
O joyless power that stands by lawless force !
Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and hate,
Internal darkness and unquiet breath ;
And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,
Him from that Height shall Heaven precipitate
By violent and ignominious death.

XXII.

Is there a Power that can sustain and cheer
The captive Chieftain, by a Tyrant's doom,
Forced to descend alive into his tomb,
A dungeon dark ! where he must waste the year,
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear ;
What time his injured Country is a stage
Whereon deliberate Valour and the Rage
Of righteous vengeance side by side appear,
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
With deeds of hope and everlasting praise :
Say can he think of this with mind serene
And silent fetters ? Yes, if visions bright
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
When he himself was tried in open light.

XXIII.

1810.

AH ! where is Palafox ? Nor tongue nor pen
Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave !
Does yet the unheard-of Vessel ride the wave ?
Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
Of pitying human-nature ? Once again
Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave,
Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
And through all Europe cheer desponding men
With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might
Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.
Hark, how thy Country triumphs ! — Smilingly
The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,
Like his own lightning, over mountains high,
On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

XXIV.

IN due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans, when their Children lie
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful Corse in vestments white;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
They bind the unoffending Creature's brows
With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
This done, a festal Company unite
In choral song; and, while the uplifted Cross
Of Jesus goes before, the Child is borne
Uncovered to his grave. Her piteous loss
The lonesome Mother cannot choose but mourn;
Yet soon by Christian faith is grief subdued,
And joy attends upon her fortitude.

XXV.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF THESE FUNERALS.
1810.

YET, yet, Biscayans ! we must meet our Foes
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
Our ancient freedom ; else 'twere worse than vain
To gather round the Bier these festal shows.
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
Becomes not one whose Father is a Slave :
Oh, bear the Infant covered to his Grave !
These venerable mountains now enclose
A People sunk in apathy and fear.
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good !
The awful light of heavenly Innocence
Will fail to illuminate the Infant's bier ;
And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,
Descend on all that issues from our blood.

XXVI.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the Church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this People will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS OF THE SAME. 1810.

OAK of Guernica ! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine,
Heard from the depths of its aërial bower,
How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour ?
What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower ?
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
If never more within their shady round
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and Lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

XXVII.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD. 1810.

WE can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came ;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands :
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,
Where all the Brave lie dead. But when of bands,
Which he will break for us, he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway,
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak ;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

XXVIII.

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence !
I better like a blunt indifference
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
To win me at first sight : and be there joined
Patience and temperance with this high reserve,
Honour that knows the path and will not swerve ;
Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind ;
And piety tow'rds God. Such Men of old
Were England's native growth ; and, throughout Spain,
Forests of such do at this day remain ;
Then for that Country let our hopes be bold ;
For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

XXIX.

1810.

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth :
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health ;
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride
To the paternal floor ; or turn aside,
In the thronged City, from the walks of gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
There are who cannot languish in this strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good
Of such high course was felt and understood ;
Who to their Country's cause have bound a life,
Erewhile by solemn consecration given
To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven.*

* See Laborde's Character of the Spanish People : from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.

XXX.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping blast
From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height,
These hardships ill sustained, these dangers past,
The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last,
Charged, and dispersed like foam : but as a flight
Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
So these,—and, heard of once again, are chased
With combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope ; but they are fled,
Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead ;
Where now?—Their sword is at the Foeman's heart !
And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

XXXI.

SPANISH GUERRILLAS, 1811.

THEY seek, are sought ; to daily battle led,
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their Foes
For they have learnt to open and to close
The ridges of grim War ; and at their head
Are Captains such as erst their Country bred
Or fostered, self-supported Chiefs, — like those
Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose,
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.
In one who lived unknown a Shepherd's life
Redoubted Viriatus breathes again ;
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader* vies, who, sick of strife
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green Island of the western main.

* Sertorius.

XXXII.

1811.

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space ;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will, — for Freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow to a *fatal* place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves. — From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near ;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

XXXIII.

1811.

[]

HERE pause : the Poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days ;
From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart,
That an *accursed* thing it is to gaze
On prosperous Tyrants with a dazzled eye ;
Nor, touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labours in extremity,
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched Man, the throne of Tyranny !

XXXIV.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA. 1812-13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a Traveller — old,
Propped on a staff — and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the Plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain :
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn ,
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was — dread Winter ! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, — when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal,

That Host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride !
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth ;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in manhood's firmest hold ;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs ;
For why, unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home, ah ! why should hoary Age be bold ?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.

No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault ;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink — and, in one instant, find
Burial and death : look for them — and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy !

XXXV.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King !
And ye mild Seasons — in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while Father Time
Looks on delighted — meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing !
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing !
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass ;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain ;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to the aerial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit Winter — *He* hath slain,
That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain !

XXXVI.

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice ; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood ;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
Of Providence. But now did the Most High
Exalt his still small Voice ;— to quell that Host
Gathered his Power, a manifest Ally ;
He whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,
Finish the strife by deadliest Victory !

XXXVII.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCKHEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the Strife; — the field throughout
Resting upon his arms each Warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening Scout.
O Silence! thou wert Mother of a shout,
That through the texture of yon azure dome
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge renew
Who have seen (themselves delivered from the yoke)
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

XXXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,
Our aged Sovereign sits ; to the ebb and flow
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
Insensible ; he sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,
Whom no weak hopes deceived ; whose mind ensued,
Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.
Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray divine
To his forlorn condition ! let thy grace
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine ;
Permit his heart to kindle, and embrace
(Though were it only for a moment's space)
The triumphs of this hour ; for they are THINE !

XXXIX.

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR Reliques ! from a pit of vilest mould
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings ;
And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
In a blind worship ; men perversely bold
Even to this hour ; yet at this hour they quake ;
And some their monstrous Idol shall forsake,
If, to the living, truth was ever told
By aught surrendered from the hollow grave :
O murdered Prince ! meek, loyal, pious, brave !
The power of retribution once was given ;
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow-bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice, sent to earth from highest Heaven !

XL.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(The last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion ! not by you
Is life despised ; ah no, the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
So many objects to which love is due :
Ye slight not life — to God and Nature true ;
But death, becoming death, is dearer far,
When duty bids you bleed in open war :
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.
Heroes ! for instant sacrifice prepared,
Yet filled with ardour, and on triumph bent,
Mid direst shocks of mortal accident,
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared,
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,
Your Country rears this sacred Monument !

XLI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

O, FOR a kindling touch of that pure flame
Which taught the offering of song to rise
From thy lone bower, beneath Italian skies,
Great FILICAIA ! With celestial aim
It rose — thy saintly rapture to proclaim,
Then, when the imperial City stood released
From bondage threatened by the embattled East,
And Christendom respired ; from guilt and shame
Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
By one day's feat, one mighty victory.
— Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue !
The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim,
He conquering, as in Earth and Heaven was sung,
HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM.

XLII.

OCCASIONED BY THE SAME BATTLE. FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE Bard, whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe ;
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognizing one Almighty sway :
He whose experienced eye can pierce the array
Of past events, — to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away :
Assoiled from all incumbrance of our time, *
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime ;
And worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
Which the blest Angels, from their peaceful clime
Beholding, welcomed with a choral shout.

* “ From all this world’s encumbrance did himself assoil.”

Spenser.

XLIII.

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have Temples rung
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn !
How oft above their altars have been hung
Trophies that led the Good and Wise to mourn
Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung !
Now, from Heaven-sanctioned Victory, Peace is sprung ;
In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms ! but, conscious that the nerve
Of popular Reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your Thrones, from duty, Princes ! fear to swerve ;
Be just, be grateful ; nor, the Oppressor's creed
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

XLIV.

ODE,

COMPOSED IN JANUARY, 1816.

————— Carmina possumus
 Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
 Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
 Post mortem ducibus
 ————— clarius indicant
 Laudes, quam ————— Pierides ; neque,
 Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
 Mercedem tuleris. ——— HOR. Car. 3. Lib. 4.

I.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
 On the tired household of corporeal sense,
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
 Was free her choicest favours to dispense ;
 I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
 A landscape more august than happiest skill
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade ;
 An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
 City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
 And stately forest where the wild deer rove ;

Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright,
And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,
The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.
Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows !
But not a living creature could be seen
Through its wide circuit, hushed in deep repose,
Yea, even to sadness, quiet and serene !
Amid this solitude of earth and sky,
Through portal clear as loop-hole in a storm
Opening before the Sun's triumphant eye,
Issued, to sudden view, a radiant Form !
Earthward it glided with a swift descent :
Saint George himself this Visitant may be ;
And, ere a thought could ask on what intent
He sought the regions of humanity,
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
City and field and flood, — aloud it cried,

II.

“ Though from my celestial home,
“ Like a Champion, armed I come ;
“ On my helm the dragon crest,
“ And the red cross on my breast ;

“ I, the Guardian of this Land,
“ Speak not now of toilsome duty —
“ Well obeyed was that command,
“ Hence bright days of festive beauty ;
“ Haste, Virgins, haste ! — the flowers which summer gave
“ Have perished in the field ;
“ But the green thickets plenteously shall yield
“ Fit garlands for the Brave,
“ That will be welcome, if by you entwined !
“ Haste, Virgins, haste ; — and you, ye Matrons grave,
“ Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
“ And gather what ye find
“ Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs,
“ To deck your stern defenders’ modest brows !
“ Such simple gifts prepare,
“ Though they have gained a worthier meed ;
“ And in due time shall share
“ Those palms and amaranthine wreaths
“ Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
“ In realms where everlasting freshness breathes !”

III.

And lo ! with crimson banners proudly streaming,
And upright weapons innocently gleaming,

Along the surface of a spacious plain
Advance in order the redoubted bands,
And there receive green chaplets from the hands
 Of a fair female train,
 Maids and Matrons — dight
 In robes of dazzling white, —
While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted, —
 And a throng of rosy boys
 In loose fashion tell their joys, —
And grey-haired Sires, on staffs supported,
Look round — and by their smiling seem to say,
Thus strives a grateful Country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

IV.

Anon before my sight a Palace rose
Built of all precious substances, — so pure
And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
Ability like splendour to endure :
Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The Heaven of sable night

With starry lustre ; and had power to throw
Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely Company below,
While the Vault rang with choral harmony,
Like some Nymph-haunted Grot beneath the roaring sea.
— No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
Of exultation hung a dirge,
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindled recollections
Of agonized affections ;
And, though some tears the strain attended,
The mournful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content !

V.

— But garlands wither, — festal shows depart,
Like dreams themselves ; and sweetest sound,
Albeit of effect profound,
It was — and it is gone !
Victorious England ! bid the silent Art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
These high achievements, even as she arrayed
With second life the deed of Marathon,

Upon Athenian walls :
So may she labour for thy civic halls ;
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil ;
And let imperishable structures grow
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil ;
Expressive signals of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life ;
Records on which the morning sun may shine,
As changeful ages flow,
With gratulation thoroughly benign !

VI.

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne, — full long debarred
From your first mansions, — exiled all too long
From many a hallowed stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,
Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song !

Now (for, though Truth descending from above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
Your kindred Deities, *ye* live and move,
And exercise unblamed a generous sway)
Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,
Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet my soul's desires !
That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear
What ye, celestial Maids ! have often sung
Of Britain's acts, — may catch it with rapt ear,
And give the treasure to our British tongue !
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age to age ;
And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given birth,
So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferred to every clime ;
And the whole world, not envious but admiring,
And to the like aspiring,
Own that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in Man's heroic prime ;

Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
Its even tenour, and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to beguile
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time ;
That not in vain they laboured to secure,
For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
By works of spirit high and passion pure !

THANKSGIVING ODE.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOLLY unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If the author has given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect him from a charge of insensibility, should he state his own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. On the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in

the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price : and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that the author hath given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of his countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British

army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which has rendered it much less formidable than the armies of other powers to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power, to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was, or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without martial propensities and an assiduous cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed

within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation ; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and to refine them by culture. But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. The author, trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, hopes that the martial qualities he venerates will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned ; and by availing ourselves

of new means of indisputable promise : particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination ; — by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired ; — by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that no members of it being trampled upon, courage may every where continue to rest immoveably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect ; — by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving ; — by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country ; — and by especial care to provide and support Institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

The author has only to add, that he should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited

attempts * to celebrate the virtues of his country, if he did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within his province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount,
March 18. 1816.

* The Ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through these Volumes.

XLV.

O D E.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL
THANKSGIVING. JANUARY 18, 1816.

I.

HAIL, universal Source of pure delight !
 Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
 On hearts howe'er insensible or rude ;
 Whether thy orient visitations smite
 The haughty towers where monarchs dwell ;
 Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
 Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell !
 — Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
 In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
 Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
 Which even in deepest winter testify
 Thy power and majesty,
 Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.

— Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that timid pace

Submitted to the chains

That bind thee to the path which God ordains

That thou shalt trace,

Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away !

Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,

Their utter stillness, and the silent grace

Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,

(Whose tranquil pomp, and spotless purity,

Report of storms gone by

To us who tread below)

Do with the service of this Day accord.

— Divinest Object, which the uplifted eye

Of mortal man is suffered to behold ;

Thou, who upon yon snow-clad Heights hast poured

Meek splendour, nor forget'st the humble Vale,

Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,

And for thy bounty wert not unadored

By pious men of old ;

Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail !

Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail !

II.

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
By feelings urged, that do not vainly seek
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
That stream in blithe succession from the throats

Of birds in leafy bower,

Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.

— There is a radiant but a short-lived flame,

That burns for Poets in the dawning East ;

And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,

When the captivity of sleep had ceased ;

But he who fixed immovably the frame

Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,

A solid refuge for distress,

The towers of righteousness ;

He knows that from a holier altar came

The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice ;

Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise

The current of this matin song ;

That deeper far it lies

Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III.

Have we not conquered?—By the vengeful sword?
Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity ;
That curbed the baser passions, and left free
A loyal band to follow their liege Lord,
Clear-sighted Honour — and his staid Compeers,
Along a track of most unnatural years,
In execution of heroic deeds ;
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads
Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,
Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
— Who to the murmurs of an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell ;
Of One that mid the failing never failed :
Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed
Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity ;
Shall shew her clothed with strength and skill,
All martial duties to fulfil ;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight ;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam ;

Fierce as a flood-gate bursting in the night
To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream —
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field !
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV.

And thus is missed the sole true glory
That can belong to human story !
At which *they* only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness dive.
The very humblest are too proud of heart :
And one brief day is rightly set apart
To Him who lifteth up and layeth low ;
For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
Say not that we have vanquished — but that we survive.

V.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure !
Why should the song be tardy to proclaim
That less than power unbounded could not tame
That Soul of Evil — which, from Hell let loose,
Had filled the astonished world with such abuse,
As boundless patience only could endure ?
— Wide-wasted regions — cities wrapt in flame —

Who sees, and feels, may lift a streaming eye
To Heaven, — who never saw may heave a sigh ;
But the foundation of our nature shakes,
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
When desolated countries, towns on fire,
Are but the avowed attire
Of warfare waged with desperate mind
Against the life of virtue in mankind ;
Assaulting without ruth
The citadels of truth ;
While the whole forest of civility
Is doomed to perish, to the last fair tree !

VI.

A crouching purpose — a distracted will —
Opposed to hopes that battered upon scorn,
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
Not all the light of earthly power could fill ;
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,
And to celerities of lawless force ;
Which spurning God, had flung away remorse —
What could they gain but shadows of redress ?
— So bad proceeded propagating worse ;
And discipline was passion's dire excess.

Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend —
When will your trials teach you to be wise?
— O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies !

VII.

No more — the guilt is banished,
And, with the Guilt, the Shame is fled ;
And, with the Guilt and Shame, the Woe hath vanished,
Shaking the dust and ashes from her head !
— No more — these lingerings of distress
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
What robe can Gratitude employ
So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy ?
What steps so suitable as those that move
In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
Of glory — and felicity — and love,
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures ?

VIII.

Land of our fathers ! precious unto me
Since the first joys of thinking infancy ;
When of thy gallant chivalry I read,
And hugged the volume on my sleepless bed !

O England ! — dearer far than life is dear,
If I forget thy prowess, never more
Be thy ungrateful Son allowed to hear
Thy green leaves rustle, or thy torrents roar !
But how can *He* be faithless to the past,
Whose soul, intolerant of base decline,
Saw in thy virtue a celestial sign,
That bade him hope, and to his hope cleave fast !
The Nations strove with puissance ; — at length
Wide Europe heaved, impatient to be cast,
 With *all* her living strength,
 With *all* her armed Powers,
 Upon the offensive shores.

The trumpet blew a universal blast !
But Thou art foremost in the field ; — there stand :
Receive the triumph destined to thy Hand !
All States have glorified themselves ; — their claims
Are weighed by Providence, in balance even ;
And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
To Thee the exterminating sword is given.
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained !
Exalted office, worthily sustained !

IX.

Imagination, ne'er before content,
But aye ascending, restless in her pride,
From all that man's performance could present,
Stoops to that closing deed magnificent,
And with the embrace is satisfied.

— Fly, ministers of Fame,
Whate'er your means, whatever help ye claim,
Bear through the world these tidings of delight !
— Hours, Days, and Months, have borne them, in the sight
Of mortals, travelling faster than the shower,
That land-ward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendours to devour ;
But *this* appearance scattered ecstasy,
And heart-sick Europe blessed the healing power.

— *The shock is given — the Adversaries bleed —*
Lo, Justice triumphs ! Earth is freed !
Such glad assurance suddenly went forth —
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North —
It found no barrier on the ridge
Of Andes — frozen gulfs became its bridge —
The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight —
Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed —
The Arabian desert shapes a willing road,

Across her burning breast,
For this refreshing incense from the West !
— Where snakes and lions breed,
Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,
Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er
The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed —
While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night —
The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight !
The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
And in its sparkling progress read
How virtue triumphs, from her bondage freed !
Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are done ;
Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders
This messenger of good was launched in air,
France, conquered France, amid her wild disorders,
Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
And utter England's name with sadly-plausive voice.

X.

Preserve, O Lord ! within our hearts
The memory of thy favour,

That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savour !

Lodge it within us ! — as the power of light
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright !

What offering, what transcendent monument
Shall our sincerity to Thee present ?

— Not work of hands ; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven — the labour of the soul ;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the inward victories of each.

Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.

— Yet might it well become that City now,
Into whose breast the tides of grandeur flow,
To whom all persecuted men retreat ;

If a new Temple lift her votive brow
Upon the shore of silver Thames — to greet
The peaceful guest advancing from afar.

Bright be the distant Fabric, as a star
Fresh risen — and beautiful within ! — there meet
Dependence infinite, proportion just ;
— A Pile that Grace approves, that Time can trust
With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust !

XI.

But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be paid
Where their serene progenitors are laid ;
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-like sages,
England's illustrious sons of long, long ages ;
Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals ;
Commemoration holy, that unites
The living generations with the dead ;
 By the deep soul-moving sense
 Of religious eloquence, —
 By visual pomp, and by the tie
 Of sweet and threatening harmony ;
 Soft notes, awful as the omen
 Of destructive tempests coming,
 And escaping from that sadness
 Into elevated gladness ;
 While the white-robed choir attendant,
 Under mouldering banners pendant,
Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
 Songs of victory and praise,

For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled
With medicable wounds, or found their graves
Upon the battle-field, or under ocean's waves ;
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession — there to lie,
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate !

XII.

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the Pestilence — the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath ;
The region that in hope was ploughed
His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death ;
He springs the hushed Volcano's mine ;
He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns — 'tis Thou — the work is Thine !
— The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts —
He hears the word — he flies —
And navies perish in their ports ;
For Thou art angry with thine enemies !

For these, and for our errors
And sins, that point their terrors,
We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God !
But thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent,
Is Man — arrayed for mutual slaughter, —
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter !
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
And by thy just permission they prevail ;
Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight :
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts !

XIII.

TO THEE — TO THEE —

On this appointed Day shall thanks ascend,
That Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory !
Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to see ;
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible ;

But to thy sovereign penetration, fair,
Before whom all things are, that were,
All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be ;
Links in the chain of thy tranquillity !
Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,
Breathe thou, this day, a vital undulation !

Let all who do this land inherit

Be conscious of Thy moving spirit !

Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance, — the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight ;
Bless thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,
When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,
And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive
With lip and heart to tell their gratitude

For thy protecting care,

Their solemn joy — praising the Eternal Lord

For tyranny subdued,

And for the sway of equity renewed,

For liberty confirmed, and peace restored !

XIV.

But hark — the summons ! — down the placid Lake
Floats the soft cadence of the Church-tower bells ;

Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams might wake
The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;
Bright shines the Sun — and not a breeze to shake
The drops that tip the melting icicles.

O, enter now his temple gate !

Inviting words — perchance already flung,
(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,
And has begun — its clouds of sound to cast
Towards the empyreal Heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us, humbler ceremonies now await ;
But in the bosom, with devout respect,
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall elevate :
For to a few collected in his name,
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim ; —
Awake ! the majesty of God revere !

Go — and with foreheads meekly bowed
Present your prayers — go — and rejoice aloud —

The Holy One will hear !

And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate
Of warnings — from the unprecedented might,
Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed ;
And of more arduous duties thence imposed
Upon the future advocates of right ;

Of mysteries revealed,
And judgments unrepealed, —
Of earthly revolution,
And final retribution, —

To his omniscience will appear
An offering not unworthy to find place,
On this high DAY of THANKS, before the Throne of Grace !

NOTES.

Sonnet xx. p. 178.

In this and a former Sonnet, in honour of the same Sovereign, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles avowed in his manifestos ; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed ; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous ; and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot here placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.

Sonnet xxvii. p. 196.

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day : “ When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted — not a gun was fired — not a voice heard : they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop ; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.”

Sonnet xli. p. 200.

“ *He conquering through God,*” &c.

Ond' è ch' Io grido e griderò : giugnesti,
Guerregiasti, e vincesti ;
Si, si, vincesti, o Campion forte e pio,
Per Dio vincesti, e per te vinse Idd io.

See Filicaia's Canzone, addressed to John Sobieski, king of Poland, upon his raising the siege of Vienna. This, and his other poems on the same occasion, are superior perhaps to any lyrical pieces that contemporary events have ever given birth to, those of the Hebrew Scriptures only excepted.

Thanksgiving Ode, page 222. last line.

“ *And discipline was passion's dire excess.* ”

“ A discipline the rule whereof is passion, ” — LORD BROOK.

MEMORIALS

OF

A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

1820.

DEDICATION.

*DEAR Fellow-Travellers ! think not that the Muse
Presents to notice these memorial Lays,
Hoping the general eye thereon will gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature ; no — though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days,
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought ; — ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty : she confides
In that enjoyment which with you abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory ;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the “ meeting soul to pierce !”*

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount,
January, 1822.

I.

FISH-WOMEN. — ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'Tis said, fantastic Ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on Land is seen ;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the Tide so long hath rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How terrible beneath the opening waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,
Withered, grotesque — immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent ! — Fear it not ;
For they Earth's fairest Daughters do excel ;
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot ;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot —
The undisturbed Abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell !

II.

BRUGES.

BRUGES I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power :
'Tis passed away ;—and now the sunless hour,
That slowly introducing peaceful night
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And sober graces, left her for defence
Against the injuries of Time, the spite
Of Fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future War. Advance not—spare to hide,
O gentle Power of Darkness ! these mild hues ;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest Architecture, where the forms
Of Nun-like Females, with soft motion, glide !

III.

BRUGES.

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous Buildings, vocal in sweet Song,
In Picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined—
Strikes to the seat of grace within the mind :
Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along ;
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
To an harmonious decency confined ;
As if the Streets were consecrated ground,
The City one vast Temple—dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed ;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate ;
To social cares from jarring passions freed ;
A nobler peace than that in deserts found !

IV.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A WINGÈD Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought
Of rainbow colours ; One whose port was bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought,
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished—leaving prospect blank and cold
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled
In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
And monuments that soon must disappear :
Yet a dread local recompense we found ;
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot zeal
Sank in our hearts, we felt as Men *should* feel
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
And horror breathing from the silent ground !

V.

SCENERY BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
Is this the Stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew?
The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the Swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade,
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

VI.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
 That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine ?
 To sweep from many an old romantic strain
 That faith which no devotion may renew !
 Why does this puny Church present to view
 Its feeble columns ? and that scanty Chair !
 This Sword that One of our weak times might wear ;
 Objects of false pretence, or meanly true !
 If from a Traveller's fortune I might claim
 A palpable memorial of that day,
 Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
 Which ROLAND clove with huge two-handed sway,
 And to the enormous labour left his name,
 Where unremitting frosts the rocky Crescent bleach.*

* “ Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms — let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the ‘ BRECHE de ROLAND.’ ”

VII.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

O FOR the help of Angels to complete
This Temple — Angels governed by a plan
How gloriously pursued by daring Man,
Studious that *He* might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in Heaven ! But that inspiring heat
Hath failed ; and now, ye Powers ! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished Shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony :—
This vast Design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal Fabrics — rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet !

VIII.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart — while sweeping by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels :
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart — and each tower sublime,
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?
Pedestrian liberty shall yet be mine
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze :
Freedom which youth with copious hand supplied,
May in fit measure bless my later days.

IX.

HYMN,

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS, UNDER
THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

JESU ! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along ;
Loud its threatenings — let them not
Drown the music of a Song
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar !

Saviour, in thy image, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood ;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard thy Suppliants now !

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the Dead ;
Thou who trod'st the billowy Sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy !

Guide our Bark among the waves ;
Through the rocks our passage smooth ;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let thy love its anger soothe :
All our hope is placed in Thee ;
Miserere Domine !

X.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

Not, like his great compeers, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life ! The wandering Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls : and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Reaches, with one brief moment's rapid flight,
The vast Encincture of that gloomy sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbad to meet
In conflict ; whose rough winds forgot their jars —
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece,
When the first Ship sailed for the golden Fleece,
ARGO, exalted for that daring feat
To bear in heaven a shape distinct with stars.

XI.

MEMORIAL,

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

*“ DEM
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDES
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCXVIII.”*

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway treading,
We reached a votive Stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the Friend who placed it there
For silence and protection,
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West,
Sinking in summer glory;
And, while he sinks, affords a type
Of that pathetic story.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
Touched by his golden finger.

XII.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

DOOMED as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The Altar, to deride the Fane,
Where patient Sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn Cell to gaze ;
Hail to the firm unmoving Cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss !
And to the Chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways !

Where'er we roam — along the brink
Of Rhine — or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity ! — to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

XIII.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH, LAUTERBRUNNEN.

TRACKS let me follow far from human-kind
Which these illusive greetings may not reach ;
Where only Nature tunes her voice to teach
Careless pursuits, and raptures unconfined.
No Mermaid warbles (to allay the wind
That drives some vessel tow'rd a dangerous beach)
More thrilling melodies ! no caverned Witch,
Chanting a love-spell, ever intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical !
Alas ! that from the lips of abject Want
And Idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow — enjoyment to enthrall,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this pure, this sky-born WATERFALL !

XIV.

THE FALL OF THE AAR — HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this River throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink :
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing ;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :
They suck, from breath that threatening to destroy
Is more benignant than the dewy eve,
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy :
Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

XV.

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

“WHAT know we of the Blest above
But that they sing and that they love?”
Yet, if they ever did inspire
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
Now, where those harvest Damsels float
Homeward in their rugged Boat,
(While all the ruffling winds are fled,
Each slumbering on some mountain’s head,)
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
Been felt, that influence is displayed.
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
The rustic Maidens, every hand
Upon a Sister’s shoulder laid, —
To chant, as glides the boat along,
A simple, but a touching, Song ;
To chant, as Angels do above,
The melodies of Peace in Love !

XVI.

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.*

For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
 The work of Fancy from her willing hands ;
 And such a beautiful creation makes
 As renders needless spells and magic wands,
 And for the boldest tale belief commands.
 When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill
 The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,
 With intermingling motions soft and still,
 Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues at will

Clouds do not name those Visitants ; they were
 The very Angels whose authentic lays,
 Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
 Made known the spot where Piety should raise
 A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.
 Resplendent Apparation ! if in vain
 My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze ;
 And watch the slow departure of the train,
 Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to detain !

* See note.

XVII.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest Star upon the height
Of thy own * mountain set to keep
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded Offerings as they hang
In sign of misery relieved,
Even these, without intent of theirs,
Report of comfortless despairs,
Of many a deep and cureless pang
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aërial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferings that no longer rest
On mortal succour, all distress
That pine of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

* Mount Righi.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild !
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,
Not only from the dreary strife
Of Winter, but the storms of life,
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady ! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,
A holy Shadow soft and dear
Of chastening sympathies !

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To Summer gladsomeness unkind ;
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light ;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on ! — a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies ;
Clear shines the glorious sun above ;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

XVIII.

EFFUSION

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

This Tower is said to stand upon the spot where grew the Linden Tree against which his Son was placed, when the Father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss History.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
 Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
 On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
 Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
 While narrow cares their limits overflow.
 Thrice happy, Burghers, Peasants, Warriors old,
 Infants in arms, and Ye, that as ye go
 Home-ward or School-ward, aye what ye behold;
 Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

But when that calm Spectatress from on high
Looks down — the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify ;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recals ;
Then might the passing Monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom,
Whose head the ruddy Apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree,
Not quaking like the timid forest game ;
He smiles — the hesitating shaft to free,
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

XIX.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique Fancy trimmed — though lowly, bred
To dignity — in thee, O SCHWYTZ ! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean ;
Equality by Prudence governed,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead ;
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee spread.
Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian steep,
Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble Body's HEAD ;
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
Its HEART ; and ever may the heroic Land
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom keep ! *

* Nearly 500 years, (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

XX.

ON HEARING THE “ RANZ DES VACHES ” ON THE TOP OF THE
PASS OF ST. GOTHARD.

I LISTEN — but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion ; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die ; his sweet-breathed kine
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous. — Here while I recline
Mindful how others love this simple Strain,
Even here, upon this glorious Mountain (named
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence)
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
Yield to the Music's touching influence,
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

XXI.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF
LUGANO.

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the Altar and the Image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. — Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps — unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile! whose turrets rise
 From yon steep Mountain's loftiest stage,
 Guarded by lone San Salvador;
 Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
 To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
 But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the universal Lord :
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?
— That, while the Creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,
Let all remind the soul of heaven ;
Our slack devotion needs them all ;
And Faith, so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs,
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Pomps of this frail “ spot
Which men call Earth,” have yearned to seek,
Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old—
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills !

*He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recal his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single heart, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears. **

* Arnold Winkelreid, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism ; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

XXII.

FORT FUENTES.

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary — scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but every where something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill-tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers,

among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. “How little,” we exclaimed, “are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!” — Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.

Extract from Journal.

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,

This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone

So far from the holy enclosure was cast,

To couch in this thicket of brambles alone;

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm

Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;

And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm

Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck.

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)

When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,

Some Bird (like our own honoured Redbreast) may strew

The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves.

FUENTES once harboured the Good and the Brave,
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown;
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
While the thrill of her fifes thro' the mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless Ascent—
O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway
When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,
Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed away!—

XXIII.

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

1.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
 Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide !
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy ;
 The wages of thy travel, joy !
 Whether for London bound—to trill
 Thy mountain notes with simple skill ;
 Or on thy head to poise a show
 Of Images in seemly row ;
 The graceful form of milk-white steed,
 Or Bird that soared with Ganymede ;
 Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
 The sightless Milton, with his hair

Around his placid temples curled ;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world !
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy ;
The wages of thy travel, joy !

2.

But thou, perhaps, (alert and free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime :
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,
Though robbed of many a cherished dream,
And crossed by many a shattered scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of liberty !
Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recal a Sister's last embrace,
His Mother's neck entwine ;

Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
That *would* have loved the bright-haired Boy !

3.

My Song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenuous face,
For this Adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot ;
Due recompense, and safe return
To Como's steeps — his happy bourne !
Where he, aloft in garden glade,
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig ;
Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
With purple of the trellis-roof,
That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's pendant grapes.
— Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
To share his wanderings ! him whose look
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
So touchingly he smiled,
As with a rapture caught from heaven,
For unasked alms in pity given.

PART II.

1.

WITH nodding plumes, and lightly drest
Like Foresters in leaf-green vest,
The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
For Tell's dread archery renowned,
Before the target stood—to claim
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
Loud was the rifle-gun's report,
A startling thunder quick and short !
But, flying through the heights around,
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
Of hearts and hands alike “ prepared
The treasures they enjoy to guard ! ”
And, if there be a favoured hour
When Heroes are allowed to quit
The Tomb, and on the clouds to sit
With tutelary power,
On their Descendants shedding grace,
This was the hour, and that the place.

2.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave birth,
That drove Astræa from the earth.
—A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
As noble as the best endued,
But seemingly a Thing despised,
Even by the sun and air unprized;
For not a tinge or flowery streak
Appeared upon his tender cheek)
Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes
Of pleasure, by his silent Goats,
Sate far apart in forest shed,
Pale, ragged, bare his feet and head,
Mute as the snow upon the hill,
And, as the Saint he prays to, still.
Ah, what avails heroic deed?
What liberty? if no defence
Be won for feeble Innocence—
Father of All! though wilful Manhood read
His punishment in soul-distress,
Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness!

XXIV.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF
THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA — MILAN.

THO' searching damp and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work, the calm ethereal grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder — and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters*, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings, still bespeak
A labour worthy of eternal youth!

* ————— “ The hand
Sang with the voice, and this the argument.”

MILTON.

XXV.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.

HIGH on her speculative Tower
Stood Science waiting for the Hour
When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
Which Superstition strove to chase,
Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Through regions fair as Paradise
We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
A silent and unlooked-for change,
That checked the desultory range
Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
The waves danced round us as before,
As lightly, though of altered hue ;
Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noon-tide from umbrageous walls
That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid:—

Or something night and day between,
Like moonshine—but the hue was green;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,
Where gazed the Peasant from his door,
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps — it lay,
Lugano! on thy ample bay;
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er Villas, Terraces, and Towers,
To Albogasio's olive bowers,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy, with the speed of fire,
Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that aërial host
Of figures human and divine,
White as the snows of Apennine
Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day ;
Angels she sees that might from Heaven have flown,
And Virgin Saints — who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown ;

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
Each narrowing above each ; — the wings —
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height, *
All steeped in this portentous light !
All suffering dim eclipse !

Thus after Man had fallen, (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

Lo ! while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun :
The cypress waves its sombre plume
More cheerily ; and Town and Tower,
The Vineyard and the Olive bower,
Their lustre re-assume !

* Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.

O ye, who guard and grace my Home
While in far-distant Lands we roam,
Was such a vision given to you?
Or, while we looked with favoured eyes,
Did sullen mist hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view?

I ask in vain — and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour:
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our Faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling Power.

XXVI.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

1.

How blest the Maid whose heart — yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty,
Beats with a fancy running high
Her simple cares to magnify ;
Whom Labour, never urged to toil,
Hath cherished on a healthful soil ;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf ;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty Self
Reflected in some crystal brook ;
Whom grief hath spared — who sheds no tear
But in sweet pity ; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

2.

Such, (but O lavish Nature ! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own ?)
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,
Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
Halting beneath the chesnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness :
Nice aid maternal fingers lend ;
A Sister serves with slacker hand ;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

3.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN Girl — who daily braves,
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep !
— Say whence that modulated shout ?
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng ?

Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bacchanals belong?
Jubilant outcry! — rock and glade
Resounded — but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetian Maid.

4.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her step the elastic green-sward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice!
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,
Be as thou art — for through thy veins
The blood of Heroes runs its race!
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That, for the virtuous, Life prepares;
The fetters which the Matron wears;
The Patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares!

5.

* “ Sweet HIGHLAND Girl! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,”

* See Address to a Highland Girl, p. 11 of this Volume.

When Thou didst pass before my eyes,
Gay Vision under sullen skies,
While Hope and Love around thee played,
Near the rough Falls of Inversneyd !
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee ;
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of Immortality ;
And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votaress by Lugano's side ;
And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep, descried !

XXVII.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAFARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL
EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-SIDE IN THE
SIMPLION PASS.

AMBITION, following down this far-famed slope
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions prate of Kingdoms to be won,
Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone;
Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown,
Vanity's hieroglyphic; a choice trope
In fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine!
The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,
Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath:
What groans! what shrieks! what quietness in death!

XXVIII.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest wood
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
 To listen to ANIO'S precipitous flood,
 When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar ;
 To range through the Temples of PÆSTUM, to muse
 In POMPEII, preserved by her burial in earth ;
 On pictures to gaze, where they drank in their hues ;
 And murmur sweet Songs on the ground of their birth !

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
 Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to regret ?
 With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,
 Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent debt ?
 Thou fortunate Region ! whose Greatness inurned,
 Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust ;
 Twice-glorified fields ! if in sadness I turned
 From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois retires
From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,
Tow'rd the mists that hang over the land of my Sires,
From the climate of myrtles contented I go.
My thoughts become bright like yon edging of Pines,
How black was its hue in the region of air !
But, touched from behind by the Sun, it now shines
With threads that seem part of his own silver hair.

Though the burthen of toil with dear friends we divide,
Though by the same zephyr our temples are fanned
As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand :
Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—
O joy when the girdle of England appears !
What moment in life is so conscious of love,
So rich in the tenderest sweetness of tears ?

XXIX.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT Beast of Chase hath broken from the cover?
Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
As multitudinous a harmony,
As e'er did ring the heights of Latmos over,
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew
In keen pursuit — and gave, where'er she flew,
Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.

A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
Of æry voices locked in unison, —
Faint — far-off — near — deep — solemn and sublime!
So, from the body of one guilty deed,
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed

XXX.

PROCESSIONS.

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

To appease the Gods ; or public thanks to yield ;
 Or to solicit knowledge of events,
 Which in her breast futurity concealed ;
 And that the past might have its true intents
 Feelingly told by living monuments ;
 Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
 Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
 Graven on her cankered walls,—solemnities
 That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
 Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,
 Marched round the Altar—to commemorate
 How, when their course they through the desert took,
 Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,
 They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low ;
 Green boughs were borne, while for the blast that shook
 Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
 These shout hosannas,—these the startling trumpets blow !

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred Grove
Fed in the Libyan Waste by gushing wells,
The Priests and Damsels of Ammonian Jove
Provoked responses with shrill canticles ;
While, in a Ship begirt with silver bells,
They round his Altar bore the hornèd God,
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells
Aloft, yet in a tilting Vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Pomps ? the haughty claims
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars ;
The feast of Neptune—and the Cereal Games,
With images, and crowns, and empty cars ;
The dancing Salii — on the shields of Mars
Smiting with fury ; and the deeper dread
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted !

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
Appeared, to govern Christian pageantries :
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze.
From a long train—in hooded vestments fäir
Enwrapt—and winding, between Alpine trees
Spiry and dark, around their House of Prayer
Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIÈRE.

Still, in the vivid freshness of a dream,
The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes !
Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,
The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise
For the same service, by mysterious ties ;
Numbers exceeding credible account
Of number, pure and silent Votaries
Issuing or issued from a wintry fount ;
The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount !

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam
While they the Church engird with motion slow,
A product of that awful Mountain seem,
Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow ;
Not virgin-lilies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance show
Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,
Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes aloft descried !

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind ;
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned :
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,
Avoid these sights ; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss !

XXXI.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

The lamented Youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but

on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being upset in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (Mr. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor G. was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küsnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen*
Of Mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy Chapel, dwells
“ Our Lady of the Snow.”

The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the bowers;
As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had *ever* shown
A countenance that sweetly smiled,
The face of summer-hours.

* Mount Righi — Regina Mountain.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease ;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed ; all we knew of care —
Our path that straggled here and there,
Of trouble — but the fluttering breeze,
Of Winter — but a name.

— If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days — but hush — no more !
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale,
Asleep on ZURICH'S shore !

Oh GODDARD ! what art thou ? — a name —
A sunbeam followed by a shade !
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise ;
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep Lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised Slave,
A sea-green River, proud to lave,
With current swift and undefiled,
The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far-lifted tow'rds the unfading sky ;
But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth
That gives to common pleasures birth ;
And nothing in our hearts we found
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathising Powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,
A most untimely sod to strew,
That lacks the ornamental care
Of kindred human hands !

Beloved by every gentle Muse
He left his Trans-atlantic home :
Europe, a realized romance,
Had opened on his eager glance ;
What present bliss ! — what golden views !
What stores for years to come !

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised — or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise ;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers 'mid GOLDAU's * ruins bred ;
As evening's fondly-lingering rays,
On RIGHI's silent brow.

Lamented Youth ! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid ;
And piety shall guard that stone
Which hath not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their prey,
And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
Lost Youth ! a solitary Mother ;
This tribute from a casual Friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother.

* One of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rossberg.

XXXII.

SKY-PROSPECT — FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lo ! in the burning West, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat ! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done !
Yon rampant Cloud mimics a Lion's shape ;
There — combats a huge Crocodile — agape
A golden spear to swallow ! and that brown
And massy Grove, so near yon blazing Town,
Stirs — and recedes — destruction to escape !
Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose,
Silently disappears, or quickly fades ; —
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth,
From all the fuming vanities of Earth !

XXXIII.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE.

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
Ye furious waves ! a patriotic Son
Of England — who in hope her coast had won,
His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er ?
Well — let him pace this noted beach once more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells ;
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror !
Enough ; my Country's Cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the murmuring sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory :
These local recollections ne'er can cloy ;
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy !

XXXIV.

AFTER LANDING — THE VALLEY OF DOVER. — NOV. 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game
Which Faction breeds? the turmoil where? that past
Through Europe, echoing from the Newsman's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame.
Peace greets us ; — rambling on without an aim
We mark majestic herds of Cattle free
To ruminate — couched on the grassy lea,
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound
Stirs not ; enrapt I gaze with strange delight,
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the Spirit to a calmer height,
And makes the rural stillness more profound.

XXXV.

DESULTORY STANZAS

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS.

1.

Is then the final page before me spread,
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be read —
How can I give thee licence to depart?
One tribute more; — unbidden feelings start
Forth from their coverts — slighted objects rise —
My Spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

2.

All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
All that I felt this moment doth renew ;
And where the foot with no unmanly fear
Recoiled — and wings alone could travel — there
I move at ease, and meet contending themes
That press upon me, crossing the career
Of recollections vivid as the dreams
Of midnight, — cities — plains — forests — and mighty streams.

3.

Where mortal never breathed I dare to sit
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power ! — and yet
What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to perish ? — true
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time
Labour their proper greatness to subdue ;
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

4.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone !
Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa — *there* on frailer stone
Of secondary birth — the Jung-frau's cone ;
And, from that arch, down-looking on the Vale
The aspect I behold of every zone ;
A sea of foliage tossing with the gale,
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail !

5.

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern FORKS, *
Down the main avenue my sight can range :
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,
For my enjoyment meet in vision strange ;
Snows — torrents ; — to the region's utmost bound,
Life, Death, in amicable interchange —
But list ! the avalanche — the hush profound
That follows, yet more awful than that awful sound !

* At the heart of the Vallais.

6.

Is not the Chamois suited to his place ?
The Eagle worthy of her ancestry ?
— Let Empires fall ; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace
Your noble birthright, Ye that occupy
Your Council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount, there judge of fit and right,
In simple democratic majesty ;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows — the might
And purity of nature spread before your sight !

7.

From this appropriate Court, renowned LUCERNE
Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge — that cheers
The Patriot's heart with Pictures rude and stern,
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the Lake
Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a Stream to take ;
Where it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as a Snake.

8.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,
'This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,
One after one, its Tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history ;
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,
Announcing, ONE was born Mankind to free ;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice ;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

9.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
—Long may these homely Works devised of old,
These simple Efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to mould ;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold ;
Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just !

10.

No more ;—time halts not in his noiseless march—
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood ;
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, Heaven in our neighbourhood.
Go forth, my little Book ! pursue thy way ;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good ;
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future Lay.

XXXVI.

TO ENTERPRISE. *

KEEP for the Young the impassioned smile
 Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
 High on a chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,
 A slender Volume grasping in thy hand—
 (Perchance the pages that relate
 The various turns of Crusoe's fate)
 Ah, spare the exulting smile,
 And drop thy pointing finger bright
 As the first flash of beacon-light ;
 But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
 Nor turn thy face away
 From One who, in the evening of his day,
 To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn !

* This poem having risen out of the "Italian Itinerant," &c. (page 269) it is here annexed.

1.

Bold Spirit ! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,
And oft in splendour dost appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
Daughter of Hope ! her favourite Child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When Hunter's arrow first defiled
The Grove, and stained the turf with gore ;
Thee winged Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
Or where the mightier Waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hoar !
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin ;
And thou, whose earliest thoughts held dear
Allurements that were edged with fear,
(The food that pleased thee best, to win)
From rocky fortress in mid air

The flame-eyed Eagle oft wouldst scare
With infant shout,—as often sweep,
Paired with the Ostrich, o'er the plain ;
And, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
Upon the couchant Lion's mane !
With rolling years thy strength increased ;
And, far beyond thy native East,
To thee, by varying titles known,
As variously thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing Altars rise,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From Suppliants panting for the skies !

2.

What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god,
Mounting from glorious deed to deed
As thou from clime to clime didst lead,
Yet still, the bosom beating high,
And the hushed farewell of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infirmity betrays,
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.

By thy divinity impelled,
The Stripling seeks the tented field ;
The aspiring Virgin kneels ; and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
A soft and tender Heroine
Vowed to severer discipline ;
Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
And of the Ocean's dismal breast
A play-ground and a couch of rest ;
Thou to his dangers dost enchain,
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
The Chamois-chaser, awed in vain
By chasm or dizzy precipice ;
And hast Thou not with triumph seen
How soaring Mortals glide serene
From cloud to cloud, and brave the light
With bolder than Icarian flight ?
Or, in their bells of crystal, dive
Where winds and waters cease to strive,
For no unholy visitings,
Among the monsters of the Deep,
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep ?

— Within our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning Waste, —
Egyptian Tombs unlock their Dead,
Nile trembles at his fountain head ;
Thou speak'st — and lo ! the polar Seas
Unbosom their last mysteries.

— But oh ! what transports, what sublime reward,
Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare
For philosophic Sage — or high-souled Bard
Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,
Hath fed on pageants floating through the air,
Or calentured in depth of limpid floods ;
Nor grieves — tho' doomed, thro' silent night, to bear
The domination of his glorious themes,
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams !

3.

If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,
From source still deeper, and of higher worth,
'Tis thine the quickening impulse to control,
And in due season send the mandate forth ;
Thy call an abject Nation can restore,
When but a single mind resolves to crouch no more.

4.

Dread Minister of wrath !

Who to their destined punishment dost urge
The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of hardened heart !
Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
When they in pomp depart,
With trampling horses and refulgent cars —
Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge ;
Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands ;
Or stifled under weight of desert sands —
An Army now, and now a living hill
Heaving with convulsive throes, —
It quivers — and is still ;
Or to forget their madness and their woes,
Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows !

5.

Back flows the willing current of my Song :
If to provoke such doom the Impious dare,
Why should it daunt a blameless prayer ?
— Bold Goddess ! range our Youth among ;
Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat
In hearts no longer young ;

Still may a veteran Few have pride
In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet ;
In fixed resolves by reason justified ;
That to their object cleave like sleet
Whitening a pine-tree's northern side,
While fields are naked far and wide.

6.

But, if such homage thou disdain
As doth with mellowing years agree,
One rarely absent from thy train
More humble favours may obtain
For thy contented Votary.
She, who incites the frolic lambs
In presence of their heedless dams,
And to the solitary fawn
Vouchsafes her lessons — bounteous Nymph
That wakes the breeze — the sparkling lymph
Doth hurry to the lawn ;
She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy
Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy
Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me ;
And vernal mornings opening bright
With views of undefined delight,

And cheerful songs, and suns that shine
On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine.

7.

But thou, O Goddess ! in thy favourite Isle
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,
The wide Earth's store-house fenced about
With breakers roaring to the gales
That stretch a thousand thousand sails)
Quicken the Slothful, and exalt the Vile !
Thy impulse is the life of Fame ;
Glad Hope would almost cease to be
If torn from thy society ;
And Love, when worthiest of the name,
Is proud to walk the Earth with thee !

NOTES.

Page 242. Line 1.

“ *Bruges.* ”

THIS is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful City. Mr. Southey, in the “ Poet’s Pilgrimage,” speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

“ Time hath not wronged her, nor hath Ruin sought
Rudely her splendid Structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
When Mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

“ But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed ;
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
Is hers in venerable years arrayed ;
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man, — a second spring.

“ When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by Chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If fancy would pourtray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.”

In this City are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statutes, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden, a little pond, about yard and half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the statues, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein, her symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendant from her portly waist. In Brussels, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c. got the mastery; in

Ghent there is a struggle ; but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled City is inexpressibly soothing ; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.

— *Extract from Journal.*

Page 250. Line 12.

“ *Miserere Domine.* ”

See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy “ **THE REMORSE.** ” Why is the Harp of Quantock silent ?

Page 251. Line 1.

“ *Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth Danube spring to life !* ”

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described ; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone Basin upon the front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite ; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it, — and entering the Garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a Stream much more considerable than itself. The *copiousness* of the Spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 255.

“ *On approaching the Staub-bach.* ”

“ The Staub-bach ” is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat

overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall — and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: “While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up, — surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears, — a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce, — sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description.” See Notes to “A Tale of Paraguay.”

Page 258.

“*Engelberg.*”

The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The Architecture of the Building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the Mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Page 276. Line 1.

“*Though searching damp and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work.*”

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but parts are said to have been painted over

again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs, — I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable ; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Page 276. Line 11.

*“ And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters.”*

————— *“ The hand
Sang with the voice, and this the argument.”*

MILTON.

Page 278. Line 22.

“ Of figures human and divine.”

The Statues ranged round the Spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by Persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building ; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the *coup d'œil*, from the best point of view, which is half way up the Spire, must strike an unprejudiced Person with admiration ; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the Country in the imaginations and feelings of the Spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several Children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more ani-

mated than could have been derived from these, or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach. — Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the Plain of Lombardy between !

Page 291. Line 3.

“ *Still, with those white-robed Shapes — a living Stream,
The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise.*”

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the Valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the *Grand Festival* of the Virgin — but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1000 Persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered Valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the *moving* Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Page 298.

“ *The Harbour of Boulogne.*”

Near the Town of Boulogne, and overhanging the Beach, are the remains of a Tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western Expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these Ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his “ Army of England,” reminding them of the exploits of Cæsar, and pointing towards the white cliffs upon which their standards *were to float*. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that Ground, in memory of the Foundation of the “ Legion of

Honour," a Column — which was not completed at the time we were there.

Page 299. Line 6.

*" We mark majestic herds of Cattle free
To ruminate."*

This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Every where one misses, in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animating and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.

Page 302. Line 10.

" Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern Forks."

LES FOURCHES, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that enclose the Valais, which terminates at ST. MAURICE.

Page 303. Line 4.

*" Ye that occupy
Your Council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount."*

Sarnen, one of the two Capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the Tyrant of that name, whose chateau formerly stood there. On the 1st of January 1308, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their Country, all the Castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their Strong-holds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of

this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

Page 303. Line 11.

“ Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge.”

The Bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the Passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent Country. The Pictures are attached to the rafters. those from Scripture History on the Cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the Passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these Bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

ECCELESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN, TO THE
CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

“ A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice.”

ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-loved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his Estate, with a view to fix upon the Site of a New Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season, — our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene ; and, such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this Series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course ; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might

advantageously be presented to view in Verse. Accordingly I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the Reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my Friend, Mr. Southey, was engaged, with similar views, in writing a concise History of the Church *in* England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my Friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

*Rydal Mount,
January 24th, 1822.*

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have the effect of a poem in a form of stanza, to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only — its difficulty.

ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

PART I.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I, who accompanied with faithful pace
Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,
And loved with Spirit ruled by his to sing
Of mountain quiet and boon nature's grace ;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string
Till the checked Torrent, proudly triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place ;
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force ;
Where, for delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II.

CONJECTURES.

IF there be Prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, they can tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred Well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through the West,
Did holy Paul a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred?
Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores
Storm-driven, who having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard
The precious Current they had taught to flow?

III.

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the Seamew*—whit
As Menai's foam ; and tow'rd the mystic ring
Where Augurs stand, the future questioning,
Slowly the Cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the Bard ; — can these meek doctrines blight
His transports ? wither his heroic strains ?
But all shall be fulfilled ; — the Julian spear
A way first opened ; and, with Roman chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified ;
They come — they spread — the weak, the suffering, hear ;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

* This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

IV.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestowed !
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,
Ancient of days ! that to the eternal Sire
These jealous Ministers of Law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence Wisdom flowed,
Justice, and Order. Tremblingly escaped,
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were shaped ;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V.

UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us ; seeking, we are lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,
Or where the solitary Shepherd roves
Along the Plain of Sarum, by the Ghost
Of Time and Shadows of Tradition, crost ;
And where the boatman of the Western Isles
Slackens his course — to mark those holy piles
Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest fame,
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,
Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
To an unquestionable Source have led ;
Enough — if eyes that sought the fountain-head,
In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI.

PERSECUTION.

LAMENT ! for Dioclesian's fiery sword
Works busy as the lightning ; but instinct
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,
Which God's ethereal storehouses afford :
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
It rages ; — some are smitten in the field —
Some pierced beneath the ineffectual shield
Of sacred home ; — with pomp are others gored
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake :
Self-offered Victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith — nor shall his name forsake
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.

VII.

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain ;
Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
Have the Survivors of this Storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude :
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance ;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear,
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer ;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm ! for soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
Their radiance through the woods, may yet suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
Your love of him upon whose forehead sate
The crown of thorns ; whose life-blood flowed, the price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
Language, and letters ; — these, though fondly viewed
As humanizing graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude !

IX.

DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
Lo ! Discord at the Altar dares to stand
Uplifting tow'rd high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized !
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
By Rome abandoned ; vain are suppliant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell,
For she returns not.—Awed by her owr knell,
She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

RISE! — they *have* risen : of brave Aneurin ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends :
The spirit of Caractacus defends
The Patriots, animates their glorious task ; —
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The Virgin sculptured on his Christian shield : —
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps of slain ; — from Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross ;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words !

XI.

SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs tost from hill to hill—
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains :
O wretched Land ! whose tears have flowed like fountains ;
Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid,
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth ;
Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,
Will build their savage fortunes only there ;
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.

*THE oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn —
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades —*
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin * ; — Ours shall mourn
The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark ! how all things swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream ;
Another language spreads from coast to coast ;
Only perchance some melancholy Stream
And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost !

* Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

XIII.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful Slaves,
Beautiful Strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves :
ANGLI by name ; and not an Angel waves
His wing who seemeth lovelier in Heaven's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory ;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,
His questions urging, feels in slender ties
Of chiming sound commanding sympathies ;
DE-IRIANS—he would save them from God's IRE ;
Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing
Glad HALLElujahs to the eternal King !

XIV.

GLAD TIDINGS.

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear ;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour !—By Augustin led,
They come—and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free !
Rich conquest waits them :—the tempestuous sea
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high,
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

XV.

PAULINUS.

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school
Of Sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
Who comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
A Man whose aspect doth at once appal,
And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans
Towards the truths this Delegate propounds,
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation, — then convenes
A synod of his Counsellors; — give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

XVI.

PERSUASION.

“ MAN’s life is like a Sparrow, mighty King !
“ That, stealing in while by the fire you sit
“ Housed with rejoicing Friends, is seen to flit
“ Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying.
“ Here did it enter — there, on hasty wing
“ Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold ;
“ But whence it came we know not, nor behold
“ Whither it goes. Even such that transient Thing,
“ The human Soul ; not utterly unknown
“ While in the Body lodged, her warm abode ;
“ But from what world She came, what woe or weal
“ On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown ;
“ This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
“ His be a welcome cordially bestowed !”

XVII.

CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel lore ;
The Council closed, the Priest in full career
Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls a spear
To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. — Woden falls — and Thor
Is overturned ; the mace, in battle heaved
(So might they dream) till victory was achieved,
Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds. “ *O come to me,*
“ *Ye heavy laden !*” such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams, — and thousands, who rejoice
In the new Rite — the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

XVIII.

APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
The Soul's eternal interests to promote :
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot ;
And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
For aught the wisest know or comprehend ;
Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
Of elevation ; let their odours float
Around these Converts ; and their glories blend,
Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds : and *who* the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect faith to Man affords ?

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God ! who not a thought will share
With the vain world ; who, outwardly as bare
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine !
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
Descended : — happy are the eyes that meet
The Apparition ; evil thoughts are stayed
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand ;
Whence grace, through which the heart can understand ;
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

XX.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

AH, when the Frame, round which in love we clung,
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
Is tender pity then of no avail?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
A waste of hope? — From this sad source have sprung
Rites that console the spirit, under grief
Which ill can brook more rational relief:
Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung
For those whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth
For Power that travels with the human heart:
Confession ministers, the pang to soothe
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
Of your own mighty instruments beware!

XXI.

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquish'd — at his side
A Bead-roll, in his hand a claspèd Book,
Or staff more harmless than a Shepherd's crook,
The war-worn Chieftain quits the world — to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling :
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine ;
Yet, while they strangle without mercy, bring
For recompense their own perennial bower.

XXII.

CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant Hermitage
My feet would rather turn — to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool ;
Thence creeping under forest arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be ;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed ; the hooting Owl
My night-watch : nor should e'er the crested Fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede !
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse !
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life ; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath !*

* He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel.

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees ;
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing ; timely rains
Or needful sunshine ; prosperous enterprise,
And peace, and equity. — Bold faith ! yet rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave ;
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the Poor, and freedom to the Slave ;
And, if full oft the sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

Not sedentary all : there are who roam
To scatter seeds of Life on barbarous shores ;
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors
To seek the general Mart of Christendom ;
Whence they, like richly-laden Merchants, come
To their beloved Cells : — or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,
To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth — their immortal Una ? Babylon,
Learnèd and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her ; — Memphis, Tyre, are gone
With all their Arts, — but classic Lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVI.

ALFRED.

BEHOLD a Pupil of the Monkish gown,
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear ;
Lord of the harp and liberating spear ;
Mirror of Princes ! Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
Ease from this noble Miser of his time
No moment steals ; pain narrows not his cares.
Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVII.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

CAN aught survive to linger in the veins
Of kindred bodies — an essential power
That may not vanish in one fatal hour,
And wholly cast away terrestrial chains?
The race of Alfred covets glorious pains
When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!
But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
With the fierce tempest, while, within the round
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

XXVIII.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
And turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding the credulous People to his will.
Such DUNSTAN : — from its Benedictine coop
Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop
The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
The Might of spiritual sway ! his thoughts, his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world abide :
So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with pride
In shows of virtue pushed to its extremes,
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey !
Dissension checks the arms that would restrain
The incessant Rovers of the Northern Main ;
And widely spreads once more a Pagan sway :
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
Fierceness and rage ; and soon the cruel Dane
Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,
His native superstitions melt away.
Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds ;
How no one can resolve ; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
Whileas Canute the King is rowing by :
“ My Oarsmen,” quoth the mighty King, “ draw near,
“ That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear !”
He listens, (all past conquests and all schemes
Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.*
O suffering Earth ! be thankful ; sternest clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

* Which is still extant.

XXXI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
The evanescence of the Saxon line.
Hark ! 'tis the tolling Curfew ! the stars shine,
But of the lights that cherish household cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares !
Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,
Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires,
Even so a thraldom studious to expel
Old laws and ancient customs to derange,
Brings to Religion no injurious change.

XXXII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

“ And shall,” the Pontiff asks, “ profaneness flow
“ From Nazareth — source of Christian Piety,
“ From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
“ And glorified Ascension? Warriors go,
“ With prayers and blessings we your path will sow;
“ Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
“ Have chased far off by righteous victory
“ These sons of Amalec, or laid them low!”
“ GOD WILLETH IT,” the whole assembly cry;
Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds!
The Council-roof and Clermont’s towers reply; —
“ God willeth it,” from hill to hill rebounds,
And in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh
Through “ Nature’s hollow arch,” the voice resounds.*

* The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

XXXIII.

CRUSADES.

THE Turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
Along the West ; though driven from Aquitaine,
The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain ;
And soft Italia feels renewed alarms ;
The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain ;
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
Known to the moral world, Imagination,
Upheave (so seems it) from her natural station
All Christendom : — they sweep along — (was never
So huge a host !) — to tear from the Unbeliever
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXIV.

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to equip
Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip ;
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine ;
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline
Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,
And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,
As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
My Song (a fearless Homager) would attend
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press
Of war, but duty summons her away
To tell, how finding in the rash distress
Of those enthusiast powers a constant Friend,
Through giddier heights hath clomb the Papal sway.

XXXV.

AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns : proud Arbitress of grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.
Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace
All sacred things are covered : cheerful morn
Grows sad as night — no seemly garb is worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smile of greeting. Bells are dumb ;
Ditches are graves — funereal rights denied ;
And in the Church-yard he must take his Bride
Who dares be wedded ! Fancies thickly come
Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

XXXVI.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the stream our voyage we pursue,
The gross materials of this world present
A marvellous study of wild accident ;
Uncouth proximities of old and new ;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.
Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine ?
Lo ! John self-stripped of his insignia ;—crown,
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
At a proud Legate's feet ! The spears that line
Baronial Halls, the opprobrious insult feel ;
And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake ;
“ Ere I absolve thee, stoop ! that on thy neck
“ Levelled with Earth this foot of mine may tread.”
Then, he who to the Altar had been led,
He, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,
He, who had held the Soldan at his beck,
Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
And even the common dignity of man !
Amazement strikes the crowd ; — while many turn
Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature ; but the sense of most
In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXVIII.

PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it have? for now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth — to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow —
Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind!
Resist — the thunder quails thee! — crouch — rebuff
Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it, — whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!

**ECCLESIASTICAL
SKETCHES.**

PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

I.

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

*“ HERE Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
“ More promptly rises, walks with nicer heed,
“ More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
“ Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
“ A brighter crown.”* — On yon Cistercian wall
That confident assurance may be read ;
And, to like shelter, from the world have fled
Increasing multitudes. The potent call
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart’s desires ;
Yet, while the rugged age on pliant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
A gentler life spreads round the holy spires ;
Where’er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
And aëry harvests crown the fertile lea.

II.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites there are,
Who in their private Cells have yet a care
Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!
How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With mazy boundaries, as the Astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

III.

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND not in vain embodied to the sight
Religion finds even in the stern Retreat
Of feudal Sway her own appropriate Seat ;
From the Collegiate pomps on Windsor's height,
Down to the humble altar, which the Knight
And his Retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domestic oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite ;
Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place,
Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
And suffering under many a perilous wound,
How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace !

IV.

CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times prevail !
And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream !
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
That swells the bosom of our passing sail !
For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow
Those flowers of Chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail ?
Fair Court of Edward ! wonder of the world !
I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love ;
And meekness tempering honourable pride ;
The Lamb is couching by the Lion's side,
And near the flame-eyed Eagle sits the Dove.

V.

CRUSADERS.

NOR can Imagination quit the shores
Of these bright scenes without a farewell glance
Given to those dream-like Issues — that Romance
Of many-coloured life which Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end ; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived ? Or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies ;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,
When she would tell how Good, and Brave, and Wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted !

VI.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH ! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn ; the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame ; the pompous mass proceeds ;
The Priest bestows the appointed consecration ;
And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
An awe and supernatural horror breeds,
And all the People bow their heads, like reeds
To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
This Valdo brooked not. On the banks of Rhone
He taught, till persecution chased him thence,
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
Nor were his Followers loth to seek defence,
Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

VII.

WALDENSES.

THESE who gave earliest notice, as the Lark
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate ;
Who rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom was dark —
These Harbingers of good, whom bitter hate
In vain endeavoured to exterminate,
Fell Obloquy pursues with hideous bark,
But they desist not ; and the sacred fire,
Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
Through courts, through camps, o'er limitary floods ;
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

VIII.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V.

“ WHAT Beast in wilderness or cultured field
“ The lively beauty of the Leopard shows?
“ What Flower in meadow-ground or garden grows
“ That to the towering Lily doth not yield?
“ Let both meet only on thy royal shield!
“ Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows;
“ Conquer the Gallic Lily which thy foes
“ Dare to usurp; — thou hast a sword to wield,
“ And Heaven will crown the right.” — The mitred Sire
Thus spake — and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul addrest,
Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas;
For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
Of youthful Heroes, is no sullen fire,
But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

IX.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

THUS is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers —
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears ;
For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught
Of civil slaughter ! Yet, while Temporal power
Is by these shocks exhausted, Spiritual truth
Maintains the else endangered gift of life ;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth ;
And, under cover of this woeful strife,
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

X.

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed :
Yea his dry bones to ashes are consumed,
And flung into the brook that travels near ;
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear,
Thus speaks, (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human kind,)
“ As thou these ashes, little Brook ! wilt bear
“ Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
“ Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
“ Into main Ocean they, this Deed accurst
“ An emblem yields to friends and enemies
“ How the bold Teacher’s Doctrine, sanctified
“ By Truth, shall spread throughout the world dispersed

XI.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

“ WOE to you, Prelates ! rioting in ease
“ And cumbrous wealth — the shame of your estate ;
“ You on whose progress dazzling trains await
“ Of pompous horses ; whom vain titles please,
“ Who will be served by others on their knees,
“ Yet will yourselves to God no service pay ;
“ Pastors who neither take nor point the way
“ To Heaven ; for either lost in vanities
“ Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
“ And speak the word ——” Alas ! of fearful things
’Tis the most fearful when the People’s eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings ;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XII.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is Penance with her knotted thong,
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long,
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,
And rob the People of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong ?
Inversion strange ! that unto One who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives;
That to a Monk allots, in the esteem
Of God and Man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own !

XIII.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more, — round many a Convent's blazing fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguisèd like a Nun, —
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher
Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire —
To stay the precious waste. In every brain
Spreads the dominion of the sprightly juice,
Through the wide world, to madding Fancy dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose votive burthen is—“OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!”

XIV.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may assuage ;
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute ;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage ;
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit ;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
The Owl of evening and the woodland Fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose :
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her head before these desperate shocks —
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XV.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive but more meek
Through saintly habit, than from effort due
To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
Goes forth — unveiling timidly her cheek
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the Convent gate to open view
Softly she glides, another home to seek.
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
An Apparition more divinely bright !
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light !

XVI.

CONTINUED.

YET some, Noviciates of the cloistral shade,
Or chained by vows, with undissembled glee
The warrant hail — exulting to be free ;
Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
In polar ice, propitious winds have made
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
In all her quarters temptingly displayed !
Hope guides the young ; but when the old must pass
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
The hospitality — the alms (alas !
Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed ?
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
To keep this new and questionable road ?

XVII.

SAINTS.

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned !
Ah ! if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land :
Her adoration was not your demand,
The fond heart proffered it — the servile heart ;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou St. George, whose flaming brand
The Dragon quelled ; and valiant Margaret
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew :
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony ; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !

XVIII.

THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER ! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
Purer than foam on central Ocean tost ;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast ;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene !

XIX.

APOLOGY.

Not utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome ;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Aërial keystone haughtily secure ;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure
As many hold ; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire — and by the scaffold some —
Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More .
“ Lightly for both the bosom’s lord did sit
“ Upon his throne ;” unsoftened, undismayed
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
Of pity or fear ; and More’s gay genius played
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen,

XX.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation ! Not alone
From Sages justly honoured by mankind,
But from the ghostly Tenants of the wind,
Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
Issues for that dominion overthrown :
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
As his own worshippers ; and Nile, reclined
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
Renews.—Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past —
Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste
Where once his airy helpers scheme d and planned,
'Mid phantom lakes bemocking thirsty men,
And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXI.

REFLECTIONS.

GRANT, that by this unsparing Hurricane
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray,
'Twere madness — wished we, therefore, to detain,
With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,
The “trumpery” that ascends in bare display,—
Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white, and grey,
Upwhirled— and flying o’er the ethereal plain
Fast bound for Limbo Lake.— And yet not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
And airy bonds are hardest to disown ;
Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXII.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue ;
And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws — much wondering that the wrong,
Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
Transcendant Boon ! noblest that earthly King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness !
But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
With bigotry shall tread the Offering
Beneath their feet — detested and defiled.

XXIII.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise? for nothing less
Than that pure Faith dissolve the bonds of Sense;
The Soul restored to God by evidence
Of things not seen—drawn forth from their recess,
Root there, and not in forms, her holiness;
That Faith which to the Patriarchs did dispense
Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;
That Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
The temples of their hearts—who, with his word
Informed, were resolute to do his will,
And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXIV.

EDWARD VI.

“ SWEET is the holiness of Youth ” — so felt
Time-honoured Chaucer when he framed the lay
By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
And many a Pilgrim’s rugged heart did melt.
Hadst thou, loved Bard ! whose spirit often dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, Child, and Seraph, blended in the mien
Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
In meek and simple Infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom had thrilled
Thy heart ! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar !

XXV.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF
JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources ; gently overflow
From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
Some with ungovernable impulse rush ;
And some, coëval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go ;
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven,
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful monarchs driven
To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.

XXVI.

REVIVAL OF POPERY.

MELTS into silent shades the Youth, discrowned
By unrelenting Death. O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always green !
They cast, they cast with joy upon the ground
Their Gods of wood and stone ; and, at the sound
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen !)
Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give ;
Again with frankincense the altars smoke
Like those the Heathen served ; and mass is sung ;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

XXVII.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !
See Latimer and Ridley in the might
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight !
One (like those Prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured, from this kindling hath foretold
A torch of inextinguishable light ;
The other gains a confidence as bold ;
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
Of saintly Friends, " the Murtherer's chain partake,
Corded, and burning at the social stake :"
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair !

XXVIII.

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided hand
(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat !)
Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand ;
Firm as the stake to which with iron band
His frame is tied ; firm from the naked feet
To the bare head, the victory complete ;
The shrouded Body, to the Soul's command,
Answering with more than Indian fortitude,
Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration :
Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation ! *

* For the belief in this fact see the contemporary Historians.

XXIX.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light
Our mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just :
Which few can hold committed to a fight
That shews, ev'n on its better side, the might
Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
Than to allay. — Anathemas are hurled
From both sides ; veteran thunders (the brute test
Of Truth) are met by fulminations new —
Tartarian flags are caught at, and unfurled —
Friends strike at Friends — the flying shall pursue —
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest !

XXX.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like Birds escaped the Fowler's net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand;
Most happy, re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met,
Partners in faith, and Brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
Ere hope declines; their union is beset
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds;
Their forms are broken staves; their passions steeds
That master them. How enviably blest
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
The peace of God within his single breast!

XXXI.

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen ! o'er many an envious bar
Triumphant—snatched from many a treacherous wile !
All hail, Sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
Stilled by thy voice ! But quickly from afar
Defiance breathes with more malignant aim ;
And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim
Portentous fellowship. Her silver car
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on ;
Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright !
For, wheresoe'er she moves, the clouds anon
Disperse ; or, under a divine constraint,
Reflect some portion of her glorious light !

XXXII.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
Light as a buoyant Bark from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty Staff that JEWEL gave
To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile :
For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil ?
More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they

XXXIII.

THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they prize
Their new-born Church! labouring with earnest care
To baffle all that may her strength impair;
That Church — the unperverted Gospel's seat;
In their afflictions a divine retreat;
Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer!
The Truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have sought
Firmly between the two extremes to steer;
But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

XXXIV.

DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy
Their Forefathers ; lo ! Sects are formed — and split
With morbid restlessness, — the ecstatic fit
Spreads wide ; though special mysteries multiply,
The Saints must govern, is their common cry ;
And so they labour ; deeming Holy Writ
Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exults ; fresh hope he draws
From the confusion — craftily incites
The overweening — personates the mad —
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause :
Totters the Throne ; the new-born Church is sad,
For every wave against her peace unites.

XXXV.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is one
(Nor idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.
Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling power:
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that dismal night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

XXXVI.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE * Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting Snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine ; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen,
Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke — wherewith he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies ;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

* The Jung-frau.

XXXVII.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

SUCH is the contrast, which, where'er we move,
To the mind's eye Religion doth present ;
Now with her own deep quietness content ;
Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
Against the ancient Pine-trees of the grove
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood
Recals the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will ! Can this be Piety ?
No — some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name ;
And scourges England struggling to be free :
Her peace destroyed ! her hopes a wilderness !
Her blessings cursed — her glory turned to shame !

XXXVIII.

LAUD.

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,
Laud “ in the painful art of dying ” tried,
(Like a poor Bird entangled in a Snare
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear
To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
On hope that conscious Innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why tarries then thy Chariot? Wherefore stay,
O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,
Which thou prepar’st, full often to convey,
(What time a State with madding faction reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

XXXIX.

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP ! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string,
The faintest note to echo which the blast
Caught from the hand of Moses as it past
O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd King,
Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
Of dread Jehovah ; then, should wood and waste
Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
Off to the mountains, like a covering
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh ! weep,
Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest
Despised by that stern God to whom they raise
Their suppliant hands ; but holy is the feast
He keepeth ; like the firmament his ways
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

ECCELESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

I.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome Tree,
Whose fondly overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
Substance she seemed (and *that* my heart betrayed,
For she was one I loved exceedingly ;)
But while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played ?)
The bright corporeal presence, form, and face,
Remaining still distinct, grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist ; at length the golden hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
Each with the other, in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, this Vision spake
Fear to my Spirit—passion that might seem
Wholly dissevered from our present theme;
Yet do I love my Country—and partake
Of kindred agitations for her sake;
She visits oftentimes my midnight dream;
Her glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that morning is awake.
If aught impair her beauty or destroy,
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore
With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If she hath fallen and righteous Heaven restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

WHO comes with rapture greeted, and caress'd
With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?
Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardiest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!
Already stands our Country on the brink
Of bigot rage, that all distinction levels
Of truth and falsehood, swallowing the good name,
And, with that draught, the life-blood: misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians shrink!

IV.

LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
Charged with rich words poured out in Thought's defence;
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonic Piety confined
To the sole temple of the inward mind;
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind!
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts, for from above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul — “that he may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.” —

V.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming; whom one rigorous day
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
To poverty and grief, and disrespect,
And some to want — as if by tempest wrecked
On a wild coast; how destitute! did They
Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
Their Altars they forego, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VI.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
The majesty of England interposed
And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed;
And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little boots that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
For England's shame, O Sister Realm ! from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Slain by compatriot-protestants that draw
From councils senseless as intolerant
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law ;
But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VII.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands sent,
Shatters the air and troubles tower and spire—
For Justice hath absolved the Innocent,
And Tyranny is balked of her desire :
Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire
Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
And transport finds in every street a vent,
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
The Fathers urge the People to be still
Without stretched hands and earnest speech—in vain!
Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
Small reverence for the Mitre's offices,
And to Religion's self no friendly will,
A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

VIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under current—strong to draw
Millions of waves into itself, and run,
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
And ploughing storm—the spirit of Nassau
(By constant impulse of religious awe
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
With the wide world's commotions) from its end
Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And, while he marches on with righteous hope,
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye.

IX.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled !
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet ;
But These had fallen for profitless regret
Had not thy holy Church her Champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspirited
The Star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart !) if spiritual things
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support.
However hardly won or justly dear ;
What came from Heaven to Heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

X.

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
The living landscapes greet him, and depart ;
Sees spires fast sinking — up again to start !
And strives the towers to number, that recline
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
Striding with shattered crests the eye athwart ; —
So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure :
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,
We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
Features that else had vanished like a dream.

XI.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of Faith and purest Charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die !
Methinks their very names shine still and bright ;
Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night ;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray ; or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

XII.

SACHEVERELL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
Spread through all ranks ; and lo ! the Sentinel
Who loudest rang his pulpit larum bell,
Stands at the Bar — absolved by female eyes,
Mingling their Light with graver flatteries,
Lavished on *Him* that England may rebel
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and LOW,
Watch-words of Party, on all tongues are rife ;
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe
To opposites and fierce extremes her life, —
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XIII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star
Is to the sky while we look up in love ;
As to the deep fair ships which though they move
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar ;
As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
Of roving tired or desultory war ;
Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred services ;
Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XIV.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where, his Flock among,
The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathèd sword,
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind ; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart ; can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the Pulpit lifts his awful hand ;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious Man ?

XV.

THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs—through which, in fixed career,
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
Of England's Church—stupendous mysteries!
Which whoso travels in her bosom, eyes
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
Enough for us to cast a transient glance
The circle through; relinquishing its story
For those whom Heaven hath fitted to advance,
And, harp in hand, rehearse the King of Glory—
From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

XVI.

BAPTISM.

BLEST be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower,
Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower
The sinful product of a bed of Weeds !
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration ; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs which hear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant's notice of his second birth,
Recal the wandering soul to sympathy
With what Man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

XVII.

CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least — in due degree,
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
We stood, a trembling, earnest Company !
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed ;
And some a bold unerring answer made :
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
Beloved Mother ! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie :
Sweet flowers ! at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear ;
O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heart-felt sigh !

XVIII.

CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,
With holiday delight on every brow :
'Tis passed away ; far other thoughts prevail ;
For they are taking the baptismal Vow
Upon their conscious selves ; their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale,
While on each head his lawn-robed Servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble Souls ; and bear with *his* regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

XIX.

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt ;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint,
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint !
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved —
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,
And such vibration to the Mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear,
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child ? And was power given
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite ? For thus *She* knelt, and, ere
The Summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

XX.

SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied :
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, memorial Sacrament !
The Offspring, haply at the Parents' side ;
But not till They, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fountain of Grace, whose Son for Sinners died.
Here must my Song in timid reverence pause :
But shrink not ye whom to the saving rite
The Altar calls ; come early under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade ; put on (nor dread its weight)
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause !

XXI.

RURAL CEREMONY.

CONTENT with calmer scenes around us spread
And humbler objects, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay ;
This day when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still Church-yard, each with garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide Church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their Fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent procession softly moves :—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in Heaven's pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves !

XXII.

REGRETS.

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;
Giving the Memory help when she would weave
A crown for Hope ! I dread the boasted lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek when Christmas snows discomfort bring
The counter Spirit, found in some gay Church
Green with fresh Holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud, and safe from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXIII.

MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sinks from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail ;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
Its crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXIV.

OLD ABBIES.

MONASTIC Domes ! following my downward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall !
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day :
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others, gently as he may
Towards our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable seals ?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still ;
Your spirit freely let me drink and live !

XXV.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
Are shattered into dust ; and self-exiled
From Altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of Faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where Priest and Layman with the vigilance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test
Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of Catholic humanity : — distress
They came, — and, while the moral tempest roars
Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
Give to their Faith a dreadless resting-place.

XXVI.

CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity — secured
By THEM who blessed the soft and happy gale
That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored !
Propitious hour ! had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension, with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
From month to month trembling and unassured,
How had we then rejoiced ! But we have felt,
As a loved substance, their futurity ;
Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen ;
A State whose generous will through earth is dealt ;
A State — which, balancing herself between
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

XXVII.

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And laurelled Armies — not to be withstood,
What serve they? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The State (ah surely not preserved in vain !)
Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
Of sacred Truth may enter — till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian Plain
The all-sustaining Nile. No more — the time
Is conscious of her want ; through England's bounds,
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise !
I hear their Sabbath bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze — the heavenliest of all sounds
That hill or vale prolongs or multiplies !

XXVIII.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site ; — the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear — and grateful earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build to God.
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully ;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
Of daisies, Shepherds sate of yore and wove
May-garlands, let the holy Altar stand
For kneeling adoration ; while — above,
Broods, visibly pourtrayed, the mystic Dove,
That shall protect from Blasphemy the Land.

XXIX.

CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed
While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite
Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;
Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like Men ashamed: the Sun with his first smile
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile;
And the fresh air of "incense-breathing morn"
Shall wooingly embrace it; and green moss
Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

XXX.

NEW CHURCH-YARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring Heaven ;
And where the rugged Colts their gambols played,
And wild Deer bounded through the forest glade,
Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even ;
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
But infinite its grasp of joy and woe !
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow —
The spousal trembling—and the “ dust to dust ” —
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to the Almighty Father looks through all !

XXXI.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

OPEN your Gates, ye everlasting Piles !
Types of the Spiritual Church which God hath reared ;
Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel — or thrid your intricate defiles —
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow ;
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles
Instinct — to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your Gates, ye Monuments of love
Divine ! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill !
Thou, stately York ! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear !

XXXII.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only, this immense
And glorious Work of fine Intelligence !
Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
So deemed the Man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering — and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

XXXIII.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective ! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraits, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus — yourselves unseen —
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night !
But, from the arms of silence — list ! O list !
The music bursteth into second life ; —
The notes luxuriate — every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife ;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
Of the Devout a veil of ecstasy !

XXXIV.

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or groveling thought, to seek a refuge here ;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam ;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold ; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops : or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace ; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when she hath *also* seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XXXV.

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God ! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine ;
That made his human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame ;
Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues, far kenned at morn and even,
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the nether region's rugged frame !
Earth prompts — Heaven urges ; let us seek the light
Studious of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant brows their lustre won ;
So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the WORD
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth! that Stream behold,
THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty Kings — look forth, my Soul!
(Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
The living Waters, less and less by guilt
Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
Till they have reached the Eternal City — built
For the perfected Spirits of the just!

NOTES.

PART I.

Page 328. Line 6.

“ *Did holy Paul, &c.*”

STILLINGFLEET adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Catholic Writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his Companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude Church at Glastonbury ; alluded to hereafter in a passage upon the dissolution of Monasteries.

Page 332. Line 13.

“ *That Hill, whose flowery platform,*” &c.

This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it with a delicate feeling delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works : “ *Variis herbarum floribus depictus imò usquequaque vestitus in quo nihil repentè arduum nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insita sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur.*”

Page 337. Line 1.

*“ Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs.”*

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus. — See Bede.

Page 337. Line 9.

*“ By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth.”*

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel ; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary), that my obligations to other Prose Writers are frequent, — obligations which even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the Acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that Event in the Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.

Page 338.

“ Monastery of Old Bangor.”

“ Ethelforth reached the Convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their Countrymen : ‘ if they are praying against us,’ he exclaimed, ‘ they are fighting against us ;’ and he ordered them to be first attacked : they were destroyed ; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader,

his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half-ruined walls, gates, and rubbish, were all that remained of the magnificent edifice." — See Turner's valuable History of the Anglo-Saxons.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.

Page 341.

“*Paulinus.*”

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness: “*Longæ staturæ, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu.*”

Page 342. Line 1.

“*Man's life is like a Sparrow.*”

See the original of this speech in Bede. — The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting — and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. “Who, exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, shall first desecrate the Altars and the Temples? I, answered the Chief Priest, for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me

to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him, what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser ; which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad — he however halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the Temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the Temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham.”

Page 343. Line 11.

“ ————— such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams.”

The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers for the convenience of baptism.

Page 345.

“ *Primitive Saxon Clergy.*”

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds : “ Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gauderet ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum præbebant.”
Lib. iii. cap. 26.

Page 350. Line 2.

“ The people work like congregated bees.”

See in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 528., the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performances of acts of charity and benevolence.

Page 352. Line 10.

“ Pain narrows not his cares.”

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Page 355. Line 1.

“ Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey !”

The violent measures, carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish Invasions. — See *Turner*.

PART II.

Page 367. Line 1.

“ Here Man more purely lives, &c.”

“ Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cantius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius.” Bernard. *“ This sentence,”* says Dr. Whitaker, *“ is usually inscribed on some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses.”*

Page 373. Line 8.

“ Fell Obloquy pursues with hideous bark.”

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious ; — and, as is, alas ! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians or Paturins, from *pati*, to suffer.

Dwellers with wolves she names them, for the Pine
And green Oak are their covert ; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their Enemy’s design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom ;
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
One and the same through practices malign.

Page 380. Line 7.

*“ And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.”*

These two lines are adopted from a MS. written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, “ Where Venus sits, &c.”

Page 393. Line 4.

*“ One (like those Prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured,” &c.*

“ M. Latimer very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other aray, which to looke unto was very simple : and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a

person to them that were present, as one should lightly see : and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. * * * * Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, ' Bee of good comfort, master Ridley,' and play the man : wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out.' " — *Fox's Acts, &c.*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, for an example in a humble Welsh fisherman.

Page 393. Line 5.

“ *The gift exalting, and with playful smile.*”

“ On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table ; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends ; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money ; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a Servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, ‘ Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,’ and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany ; and he said, ‘ Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse ; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse

back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter ; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her, I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college ; and so God bless you, good Richard.' ” *See Walton's Life of Richard Hooker.*

Page 400. Line 10.

“ ———— *Craftily incites*

The overweening — personates the mad. ”

A common device in religious and political conflicts. — *See Strype in support of this instance.*

Page 404.

“ *Laud.* ”

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry ; but, fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, “ that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period. ” A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the Bar of the House of Peers. “ Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more, than that the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently

saw, that the publick neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which, while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour.*"

PART III.

Page 422. Line 1.

*" A genial hearth, ———
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat Mansion."*

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church Establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the Country to which it belongs, may be reckoned, as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the Clergy, stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established Clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered Peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe that their Taste, as acting upon rural Residences and scenery, often furnishes models which Country Gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of Fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by Ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural Seat of the See of Carlisle, with a

style of Garden and Architecture, which, if the Place had belonged to a wealthy Layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A Parsonage-house generally stands not far from the Church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the Residence of an old and much-valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The House and Church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn, or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the Dwelling, veiling, but not hiding the Church. From the front of this Dwelling, no part of the Burial-ground is seen; but, as you wind by the side of the Shrubs towards the Steeple end of the Church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental head-stone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards, the earth. Advance, and the Church-yard, populous and gay with glittering Tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful Parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see Vol. II. Page 336.

Page 429.

“ *Rural Ceremony.* ”

This is still continued in many Churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the Stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the “ Rush-bearing.”

Page 432. Line 10.

“ *Teaching us to forget them or forgive.* ”

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer’s History of Cambridge.

Page 434. Line 5.

*“ Had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension.”*

See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject : the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the “ Protestant wind.”

Page 437. Line 9.

*“ Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like Men ashamed.”*

The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their Churches; it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

Page 443. Line 5.

*“ Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues,” &c.*

Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

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